

ALLIGATOR

Screenplay by

John Sayles

From a Story by

John Sayles and Frank Ray Perilli

1 EXTREME CLOSEUP - ALLIGATOR'S EYE 1

A cold reptile eye. We ZOOM OUT to INCLUDE the rest of the gator's head -- a mature bull, staring, smiling --

CUT TO:

2 CLOSEUP - MAN 2

staring down, face tense with concentration.

CUT TO:

3 MAN AND GATOR 3

facing each other, a foot deep in murky water. The Man, unarmed, moves to his left and the gator snaps at him. The gator ROARS.

CUT TO:

4 MAN 4

easing to his right now, eyes fixed on the gator.

CUT TO:

5 MAN'S FEET 5

stepping cautiously.

CUT TO:

6 MAN AND GATOR 6

The two lunge simultaneously, the Man goes down, thrashing in the water with the gator. We TRACK IN to SEE a trace of blood in the spray.

CUT TO:

7 SPECTATORS 7

A couple people watching laugh, thinking it's part of the show.

CUT TO:

8 FAMILY

8

A father, BILL, mother, MADELINE and early adolescent daughter, MARISA, watch the struggle.

MADELINE

They could do without the fake blood.

MARISA

It's real, Mama.

CUT TO:

9 MAN AND GATOR

9

splashing, thrashing in the murky water, the man screams.

CUT TO:

10 AUDIENCE

10

Tourists in late-sixties clothes leap to their feet in horror. The Man and gator are in a fenced-in pond surrounded by wooden bleacher. Banners overhead proclaim "ALLIGATOR WRESTLING TODAY!" Animal handlers leap over the fence to help the Man.

CUT TO:

11 MAN'S FACE

11

screaming.

12 CROWD

12

watching, repulsed and attracted.

CUT TO:

13 FAMILY

13

MADELINE

Oh my Lord, oh my Lord.

BILL

Why don't they shoot it?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

MARISA

If they can turn it on its back
it'll fall asleep.

BILL

What?

MARISA

The blood goes to this part of its
brain where it goes into a coma.

MADELINE

Oh my Lord! Don't look, honey,
don't look!

CUT TO:

14 GATOR AND MEN

14

The handlers go at the gator with rope and club, one
getting knocked back into the water by the thrashing
tail. They force the gator onto its back and it begins
to jerk, going limp. They rush the Man from the pond,
unconscious, his leg mangled from hip to knee. A
sport-shirted ANNOUNCER hurries on, trying to look
cheerful.

ANNOUNCER

Well, we promised you gator
wrasslin', folks, an' sometimes
the gator wins.

CUT TO:

15 MAN

15

being wrapped in a blanket, his leg oozing blood.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Let's have a big hand for Bobby
Perkins, ladies an' gentlemen,
Bobby Perkins!

There is a smattering of applause as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

16 CLOSEUP - BABY ALLIGATOR

16

A dozen foot-long alligators crowded on top of each
other in a glass terrarium.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

VENDOR (O.S.)

Wonderful pets. Less trouble than
a parakeet.

BILL (O.S.)

And when it grows up?

MARISA (O.S.)

I'll give it to a zoo.

MADELINE (O.S.)

They're vicious animals. That
man today --

VENDOR (O.S.)

Pick yourself a cute one, honey,
go ahead --

Marisa's hand APPEARS, lifts a baby gator out -- we
TILT and ZOOM OUT to INCLUDE the others.

MARISA

I'll call him Ramon.

BILL

Weird kid.

CUT TO:

17 INT. CAR - DAY

17

Marisa is in back, watching the baby gator move in a
shoebox on her lap. Highway zips by outside.

MADELINE

Get out in the feeder lane, Bill.

BILL

Just let me drive, will you?

MADELINE

You aren't putting your fingers
near that thing, are you, Marisa?

MARISA

(exasperated)

No, Mother.

MADELINE

When we reach Valdosta I've got
to tinkle.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. CAR - BILLBOARD

18

They pass a billboard of a smiling alligator waving goodbye.

NOW LEAVING FLORIDA

says the billboard --

Y'ALL COME BACK!

CUT TO:

19 INT. LIVING ROOM - CLOSEUP - BABY GATOR - DAY

19

in a glass terrarium. Marisa's face APPEARS by the glass. She puts a plaster ornament in the terrarium to add to the painted rocks, marbles and ceramic frogs.

MARISA

Here you go, Ramon.

She offers her finger in front of the gator's snout.

MARISA

(continuing)

You wouldn't bite me, wouldja?
Wouldja?

The gator opens its jaws but does not take the finger.

CUT TO:

20 INT. LIVING ROOM - BILL - DAY

20

Bill stalks across the living room, angry, a little drunk.

BILL

(calls)

Then where is she?

MADELINE (O.S.)

She's at the science fair at school. What are you going to do with it?

Bill reaches into the terrarium, roughly grabbing the baby gator by the tail.

BILL

Get rid of it. Damn thing bit me.

CUT TO:

21 BABY GATOR

21

We FOLLOW as it squirms by its tail as Bill carries it into the bathroom.

BILL (O.S.)

And I found alligator turds behind the clothes hamper again.

MADELINE (O.S.)

What'll we tell Marisa?

BILL (O.S.)

Tell her we found it dead, like we did with the hamster.

The baby is dropped into an open toilet bowl.

BILL (O.S.)

(continuing)

I'll give him a burial at sea.

MADELINE (O.S.)

Bill!

CUT TO:

22 BILL'S HAND

22

jerking the flush handle.

CUT TO:

23 GATOR'S POV

23

LOOKING UP through the water at Bill's blurred face, CAMERA SWIRLING in a circle as the gator is sucked into the blackness of the pipes.

CUT TO:

24 DRAINPIPE MONTAGE - THE GATOR'S POV

24

thru

28 as it is swept through larger and larger pipes.

thru

28

CUT TO:

29 PIPE OUTLET

29

A stream of waste empties from a three foot pipe onto the main sewer floor. The gator comes tumbling over the lip at us.

CUT TO:

30 CLOSEUP - GATOR

30

alive. It crawls along the sewer floor in front of a light source from the end of the tunnel. We PAN AWAY from it and COME TO REST on the giant shadow of the gator cast on the far wall. OMINOUS MUSIC BEGINS, the TITLE FLASHES ON the SCREEN, SUPERIMPOSED --

ALLIGATOR

DISSOLVE TO:

31 INT. PET STORE - CLOSEUP - MONGREL PUPPY - DAY

31

looking adorable as the SUPERIMPOSED legend --

12 Years Later

FADES ON AND OFF the SCREEN.

CUT TO:

32 INT. PET STORE - DAVID AND GUTCHEL

32

DAVID MADISON, a scruffy-looking plainclothes detective in his 30's, stands talking with pet store owner GUTCHEL, a nervous, sneaky-looking character, as the puppy sits wagging its tail on the counter between them.

DAVID

They swiped my last one. I tied him to a parking meter while I went into a drug store. It couldn't have been two minutes --

GUTCHEL

Yeah, there's a lot of that goes on. You call the cops?

DAVID

I am the cops. What breed is this guy?

GUTCHEL

Your guess is as good as mine.

DAVID

His name was Snaps. My other one.

GUTCHEL

You get attached to them.

DAVID

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

David's pocket BEEPER goes off.

DAVID
(continuing)
Whoops -- duty calls. Any advice
on him?

CUT TO:

33 CLOSEUP - PUPPY

33

looking adorable.

GUTCHEL (O.S.)
Keep your shoes off the floor for
a couple months. He's teething.

CUT TO:

34 INT. SEWAGE FILTRATION AREA - CLOSEUP - HAND

34

A hand lying on a plastic drop-cloth, fingers stiffened.

BOB (O.S.)
Looks like it was chewed off.

DAVID (O.S.)
Working man.

CUT TO:

35 FILTRATION AREA - DAVID AND BOB

35

David stands examining the hand as BOB, a police lab
man, looks on.

DAVID
We'll get a scraping from these
calluses. Was there anything else?

Bob lifts the arm off the cloth -- it isn't attached
to a body.

BOB
They found a Lhasa apso floating
in the same sludge tank.

DAVID
A what?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

BOB

Some kind of dog. They've got a
lead on who it might belong to.

COP (O.S.)

Homicide down here?

DAVID

That's me.

CUT TO:

36 ANGLE ON LADDER

36

A uniformed COP stands halfway down a metal ladder that
leads up to the street -- he looks suspiciously at
David's rumpled clothes and two-day beard.

COP

You sure?

DAVID

Positive.

COP

Chief wants you up top. He's got
some lady owns a dog --

DAVID

Be right up.

BOB

(looking at the arm)

We got a big toe in the morgue
once. Nothing else, just a big
toe. Never found the rest of him.
Knew who he was, though. Had a
funeral and everything.

DAVID

Must have been a small casket.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. STREET - DAVID AND CHIEF - DAY

37

David and CHIEF CLARK walk toward an ambulance parked
in a lot, surrounded with cops.

CHIEF

There were only three of the breed
registered in the whole state.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

CHIEF (CONT'D)

She called in to report it lost
two months ago.

DAVID

What shape was it in?

CHIEF

Hadn't decomposed a bit, but all
its internal organs have been cut
out, clean as a whistle. Larynx
chords cut, too.

DOT, the bereaved dog owner, stands at the center of
the cops, looking at a huge dead dog covered with a
sheet in the back of the ambulance.

DOT

It looks so much like Taffy.

CHIEF

Mrs. Loomis? This is Detective
Madison --

DAVID

Hi.

DOT

It looks exactly like Taffy but
it's way too big. Same markings,
same color, everything.

Dot pulls a little doggie sweater from her handbag.

DOT

(continuing)

But this fit Taffy two months ago
when I lost her. Now --

We PAN FROM the tiny sweater in Dot's hand TO the wolf-
hound sized dog under the sheet. No way.

CUT TO:

38 CLOSEUP - DAVID

38

looking on, baffled.

39 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MUTT - DAY

39

A full grown mongrel trots loose down a quiet street.
He stops and wags his tail as a voice croons to him:

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

GUTCHEL (O.S.)
Hey there, fella --

CUT TO:

40 GUTCHEL, DOG

40

Gutchel squats on the curb, offering a piece of raw meat. The dog sniffs from a distance.

GUTCHEL
Howsabout a little stew beef, huh?
Come on --

The dog comes forward to take the meat and Gutchel lifts him gently.

GUTCHEL
(continuing)
Attaboy. Chow it down.

CUT TO:

41 INT. PANEL TRUCK - DOGS AND CATS

41

It is dark in the rear of the truck, the animals bark, yowl and whimper from their wire cages. There is a blast of light as the rear door opens and Gutchel tosses the mongrel in.

GUTCHEL
See if you can make some friends,
Tiger.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. STREET - GUTCHEL

42

Gutchel stands above a storm drain holding the dog's collar and tags in his hands. He looks both ways, then we FOLLOW the collar as he drops it, then nudges it into the storm drain with his foot.

CUT TO:

43 INT. RESEARCH LAB - MONGREL

43

whimpering as it sits on a lab table.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

HELMS (O.S.)

I could use more of these for this protocol.

44 INT. RESEARCH LAB - HELMS AND GUTCHEL

44

Gutchel looks on as HELMS, a scientist in a lab coat with SLADE DRUG CO. on the pocket, prepares to inject the mongrel with a large hypodermic needle.

GUTCHEL

How 'bout cats? I got plenty cats.

HELMS

Puppies.

Helms indicates several plastic garbage bags filled with animal carcasses.

HELMS

(continuing)

And we're through with those -- you can dump them.

GUTCHEL

There was a cop in the store this morning. I almost wet my pants. Maybe I should lay low for a while.

HELMS

I need animals, Gutchel, the old man is on my back for results. Get cracking.

Gutchel hefts one of the plastic bags.

GUTCHEL

Right. Puppies.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. STREET - DAVID'S PUPPY

45

The puppy sniffs at the edge of a manhole.

DAVID (O.S.)

Mr. Callan?

CUT TO:

46 EXT. STREET - DAVID AND CALLAN

46

David squats, talking to CALLAN, a sewer man whose head and shoulders protrude from the open manhole. David's puppy plays nearby.

DAVID

They told me you're a friend of Edward Norton.

CALLAN

Yeah. So what?

DAVID

His time card for last Friday says he punched out at three o'clock. But his street clothes and his wallet are still in his locker.

CALLAN

So I punched out for him. Is he okay?

DAVID

Where's the last place you saw him?

CALLAN

Let's see -- Friday -- we're opening up a section of the old system, over by the drug works there. I saw him there around noon.

DAVID

You better come down to the station house.

CUT TO:

47 INT. SEWER - GUTCHEL

47

Gutche1 stands on a platform overlooking a stretch of running sewage. He lifts a stiff cat from one of the plastic bags, tosses it.

CUT TO:

48 WATER SURFACE

48

SPLASH! The cat smacks into the water.

CUT TO:

49 EXTREME CLOSEUP - EYE

49

A large, red, reptilian eye opens in the dark, reacting to the splash -- OMINOUS MUSIC BEGINS.

CUT TO:

50 INT. SEWER

50

Gutchel throws his last animal, a cat -- WHUMP! It lands on a ledge by the running sewage.

CUT TO:

51 GUTCHEL

51

GUTCHEL

Shit.

Gutchel starts to leave, considers, then sighs and starts down a ladder to the ledge.

CUT TO:

52 UNDERWATER POV - GUTCHEL

52

We WATCH Gutchel from a point HALF IN and HALF OUT OF THE WATER as he climbs down toward us, OMINOUS MUSIC CONTINUING.

CUT TO:

53 GUTCHEL

53

panting with the effort of climbing down. He kicks the cat into the water -- SPLASH! There is a stir in the water after the cat goes in -- Gutchel shines his flashlight at it, strains to see.

CUT TO:

54 UNDERWATER POV - GUTCHEL

54

We TRACK AT Gutchel from the water, he screams, throws his arms up, the flashlight beam arcing to the ceiling as we LUNGE OUT OF THE WATER completely and raise above him.

CUT TO:

55 WATER SURFACE

55

SPLASH! Sewage sprays as Gutchel hits the water, tries to stand and is jerked screaming OUT OF THE FRAME.

CUT TO:

56 WATER SURFACE - FLASHLIGHT

56

Gutchel's flashlight, beam still on, bobs on the settling water, floating in its plastic case as Gutchel's last SCREAM fades.

FADE TO BLACK.

57 INT. SEWER - CLOSEUP - LEG

57

A severed leg rests on an improvised table as it is tagged and bagged.

BOB (O.S.)

This keeps up I can open a spare parts shop.

CUT TO:

58 INT. SEWER - SLUDGE TANK

58

David watches BOB work while in the b.g. several cops drag a large open tank with long poles.

DAVID

It isn't the same guy the arm came from.

BOB

How can you tell?

DAVID

This one cut his nails square, the other one rounded them off. He wearing boots?

BOB

Alligator wingtips with lifts in them.

DAVID

Not your regulation sewer gear.

BOB

And forensic found something interesting in his sock.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

DAVID

What's that?

BOB

Kitty litter. Guy must have been
a cat fanatic.

CUT TO:

59 INT. LAB

59

David sits watching as Helms makes cross-sections of a small brain on a slicer, then puts a drop of stain on each. There are rows of animal cages VISIBLE behind Helms.

HELMS

We do quite a bit of in vivo
research.

DAVID

Ever do business with a pet store
operator named Gutchel?

HELMS

All our subjects are either bred
here or bought from the city pound.

DAVID

And if you run out of animals?

HELMS

(shrugs)

We have to suspend our research.
It happens.

DAVID

You're a hormone guy, right? Is
there any way -- just hypothetically
-- that a mature dog could double
in size in a two month period?

HELMS

Not at the present time, no. I'm
sorry I can't be more help to you.
Like I said, when we finish with
our subjects they go back to the
pound for cremation. It's very
carefully regulated by the Humane
Society people.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

DAVID

No way one could get loose and
wander into the sewers?

HELMS

No way.

David looks at the cages behind Helms.

DAVID

They're awful quiet.

HELMS

Pardon?

DAVID

(points)

Your test animals.

HELMS

Oh. We cut the larynx out when
they come in. Keeps the noise
level down.

CUT TO:

60 DOG

60

A terrier in a cage, barking soundlessly.

DAVID (O.S.)

I'll bet it does.

CUT TO:

61 INT. OFFICE - HELMS AND SLADE

61

Helms stands awkwardly as OLD MAN SLADE, a sharp-eyed
older tycoon, sits back at his desk. Giant blowups
of Slade Drug pills and capsules decorate the walls.
There is a colorful model of a human brain on his
desk.

HELMS

-- It's not quite a situation yet,
Mr. Slade, but it has the potential. --

SLADE

Don't tap dance around it, son, you
got caught with your pants down.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

HELMS

We've been getting closer and closer on that synthetic hormone and --

SLADE

What do the police have on you?

HELMS

(sighs)

Gutchel was paid out of the slush fund -- They can't tie him to the company. We've disposed of any animals that might be traceable. But this Madison who was just here --

SLADE

I'll put in the fix.

HELMS

Pardon?

SLADE

The police are no problem. It's the damn yellow journalists you got to watch. Out to ruin our public image.

HELMS

Yes, sir.

SLADE

Just get back to your chemistry set, son. I'll put in the fix.

HELMS

Thank you, sir.

SLADE

And stay away from reporters.

CUT TO:

62 INT. CORRIDOR - POLICE STATION

62

David hurrying along with the Chief, still very scruffy-looking.

DAVID

Why do I have to talk to them?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

CHIEF

It's your case, you've got to face
the music. Don't you own a razor?

DAVID

I was in a hurry.

CHIEF

You're a half hour late.

DAVID

I hate reporters.

CHIEF

Just watch your language.

CUT TO:

63 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

63

David muddles through a press conference, the Chief
sitting unhappily beside him.

DAVID

Norton had been a member of the
Sanitation Department for twenty-
five years.

REPORTER 1

And Gutchel? Didn't he have a
criminal record?

DAVID

I can't comment on that.

KEMP (A YOUNG REPORTER)

What can you comment on?

DAVID

Next question.

REPORTER 2

Do you think there might be a Jack
the Ripper type killer operating
in the city?

DAVID

It's too early to make guesses
like that.

REPORTER 3

What do you think the motive might
have been in these killings?

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

To build newspaper circulation.

CHIEF

(upset)

As you can see, we don't have much information at the moment. If you'll excuse us, Detective Madison and I have to get back to --

KEMP

Are you the same Madison who was in that Baldwin Hotel thing up in St. Louis?

DAVID

(shaken)

What?

KEMP

The one where your partner was stabbed to death?

DAVID

He was shot.

KEMP

(a cold smile)

Right. Shot.

David gives Kemp a hard look, then begins to walk out.

CHIEF

(covering)

We'll keep you people posted.

CUT TO:

David walking with the Chief, shaken up.

DAVID

You should let me break the stolen-pet angle. Give them something to chew on.

CHIEF

You look like hell, David. When you're representing the Department --

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

DAVID
I can't sleep. I get these
dreams --

CHIEF
Listen, don't let that Baldwin
Hotel thing throw you. It's a
closed case, nobody blames you.

DAVID
Tell that to the newspapers.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. STREET - NEWSPAPER VENDING MACHINE - DAY

65

A paper behind the cage, the headline reads: POLICE
INVESTIGATE SECOND SLAYING.

CUT TO:

66 NEWSSTAND

66

A different paper on top of a stack, the headline
reads: MORE REMAINS FOUND UNDER CITY.

CUT TO:

67 INT. SUPERMARKET - MAGAZINE RACK

67

A copy of the National Probe at the checkout line.
The full-page headline reads: COPS SEEK SEWER PSYCHO!

CUT TO:

68 INT. POLICE LOCKER ROOM

68

Four or five COPS lounging around, dressing, playing
cards. David enters.

DAVID
I need somebody to check out a
stretch of sewer with me. Shamsky?

SHAMSKY
I got a court appearance today.

DAVID
Meyer? DiNola?

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

MEYER
We're on Marquette Hill today.
Don't think the Chief'd pull us.

DAVID
Sloan?

SLOAN
Paperwork.

DAVID
What is it, my breath? Listen,
shoot fingers or something. I
need somebody.

KELLY (O.S.)
I'll go.

CUT TO:

69 KELLY

69

KELLY, a black uniformed cop, stands to join David.

KELLY
Wanna get me some boots first,
though.

CUT TO:

70 SUPPLY DESK

70

RICE, an older desk sergeant, piles wading boots,
flashlights and gas masks on a table for David and
Kelly.

RICE
You hit some methane pockets down
there the masks will get you
through.

BURNS, a nervous young man, approaches.

BURNS
Sir?

RICE
Yeah?

BURNS
I killed the men in the sewer.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

David and Kelly trade a here-we-go-again look with Rice.

RICE
If you'll just hold on a second
I'll take you down to Sergeant
Reynolds and he'll take your
confession.

BURNS
Oh, I didn't come to confess. I
came to kill the rest of you.

David and Kelly trade a look, begin to spread apart.

RICE
I see. And how do you intend to
do that?

Burns reaches his hand inside his shirt.

BURNS
I'm wired to explode. You two
stay put!

David and Kelly freeze.

CUT TO:

71 DAVID

71

scared, looks --

CUT TO:

72 BURNS' HAND - DAVID'S POV

72

holding something inside his shirt. We TILT UP TO his
face.

BURNS
I cut them up with my mat knife.
I'm a picture framer.

CUT TO:

73 INT. ROOM - ALL

73

RICE
Why'd you do it, son?

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

BURNS

They told me to.

RICE

Who told you?

BURNS

Them. On the radio.

Kelly begins to move toward him.

KELLY

You're bluffing. Take him to the right, Madison.

DAVID

Kelly --

BURNS

I'll kill us all. It told me to on the radio. Stay back!

CUT TO:

74 DAVID

74

frozen to the spot.

DAVID

Wait, Kelly --

CUT TO:

75 INT. ROOM - ALL

75

KELLY

Take your hand out of there, kid.

BURNS

Stay back! The voices told me!
I'll blow us up!

Kelly whips his gun out as he leaps and grabs Burns, pressing the barrel to his temple.

KELLY

Don't even blink!

Rice grabs Burns' hand away, then tears his shirt open -- He looks at the gadget taped to the boy's chest, then flips a switch.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

DISCO MUSIC PLAYS out from the guts of a transistor
RADIO.

KELLY

(smiles)

Yeah, that Donna Summer can blow
you away.

CUT TO:

76 DAVID

76

sweat beading his face, he breathes a sigh of relief.

CUT TO:

77 INT. SEWER STAIRS

77

David and Kelly descend into the sewer, light streaming
past them from the open manhole above.

DAVID

What if that guy hadn't been
bluffing?

KELLY

(shrugs)

Can't live forever.

DAVID

You're not going to last long in
the cops with that philosophy.

KELLY

We'll see.

DAVID

(looking around)

The map they gave us isn't complete.
Some of these tunnels date back to
the turn of the century -- they
lose track.

KELLY

Long as we find our way out in time
for supper.

CUT TO:

78 INT.. SEWER TUNNEL

78

David and Kelly carry lanterns to light their way.
There is a SCUTTling SOUND ahead. David raises his
light.

CUT TO:

79 RATS

79

A pair of enormous black rats scurry by the men.

CUT TO:

80 DAVID AND KELLY

80

reacting as the rats blow past them and on down the
tunnel.

DAVID

Jesus.

KELLY

Never seen any rats the size of
those things. An' I seen some
rats in my day.

DAVID

We must have scared them.

KELLY

What they run at us for?

CUT TO:

81 ANOTHER SECTION

81

David and Kelly walking on dry ground, looking around
for clues.

KELLY

You used to work in St. Louis, huh?

DAVID

Yup.

KELLY

Why'd you leave?

David looks at Kelly. Kelly stares back, challenging.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

DAVID

I'm sure you've heard the story.

KELLY

All I heard is it isn't healthy to be teamed up with you.

DAVID

Then why'd you volunteer to come down here?

KELLY

I don't go by that locker room bullshit. 'Sides, I take care of myself.

David nods, looks down the tunnel.

DAVID

This section up ahead isn't on the map.

KELLY

So we'll draw a new one.

CUT TO:

82 INT. SEWER - LEDGE

82

David and Kelly walk where we last saw Gutchel. David spots something on the waste-water with his light.

DAVID

Look there --

CUT TO:

83 WATER SURFACE - FLASHLIGHT

83

Gutchel's flashlight bobs on the water, hung up on something.

CUT TO:

84 DAVID AND KELLY

84

Kelly steps into the water to retrieve the flashlight.

CUT TO:

85 CLOSEUP - EYE

85

The red eye opens in the darkness, aroused by Kelly's distant sloshing through the water -- OMINOUS MUSIC BEGINS.

CUT TO:

86 LOW ANGLE SHOT - KELLY

86

We SHOOT UP AT Kelly as he reaches down to grab the flashlight.

KELLY

Somebody's been here not too long ago.

We FOLLOW Kelly's vulnerable legs as he wades back and climbs onto the ledge.

DAVID

We'd better come back with a full crew and go over this place.

He finds the ladder with his light.

DAVID

(continuing)

I think I hear traffic up above.

David starts up the ladder.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. STREET - STORM DRAIN OPENING - DAY

87

We SEE David and Kelly peeping out as traffic passes.

CUT TO:

88 INT. SEWER

88

David and Kelly turn away from the opening.

DAVID

We keep going down this way and we're bound to hit an exit. Get you home for dinner.

Kelly leads the way with his flashlight.

KELLY

This smell done a number on my appetite.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

POUNCE! The gator leaps out into Kelly's light beam, roaring.

CUT TO:

89 KELLY

89

reflexively whips his gun out, gets a SHOT off.

CUT TO:

90 TAIL

90

of the gator, swinging through the light's arc.

CUT TO:

91 KELLY

91

screams as the tail catches him and sends him flying.

CUT TO:

92 LIGHT

92

Kelly's flashlight smashing against the sewer wall.

CUT TO:

93 GUN

93

skittering away on the sewer floor.

CUT TO:

94 GATOR

94

caught in David's beam, roaring.

CUT TO:

95 DAVID

95

frozen in terror, mouth open.

CUT TO:

96 GATOR 96
roars.

97 EXTREME CLOSEUP - DAVID'S EYES 97
wide in shock.

98 KELLY 98
scrambles to his feet, pushes David back.

KELLY
Let's go! Run!

David turns and begins to run. We FOLLOW him past the drain opening to a point where the tunnel narrows into a three-foot opening set into the wall. He leaps into it, throwing his light ahead of him.

CUT TO:

99 INT. PIPE - DAVID 99
He turns to help Kelly, who has his upper torso inside, climbing. David grabs his hand and starts to pull -- Kelly screams.

CUT TO:

100 CLOSEUP - KELLY 100
screaming in pain.

KELLY
It's got me! It's got me!

CUT TO:

101 DAVID AND KELLY 101
David digs in to try to keep Kelly from being dragged back out of the pipe, clamping both hands on his wrist.

CUT TO:

102 ARMS 102
muscles straining to hold on.

CUT TO:

103 FEET

103

David's feet slipping a bit as Kelly is tugged.

CUT TO:

104 KELLY

104

eyes wide in pain as he is tugged back inch by inch.

KELLY

Hold on. Please.

CUT TO:

105 DAVID AND KELLY

105

Yank! Kelly is snapped out of David's grip by a tremendous pull and whipped out into the dark sewer tunnel.

DAVID

Kelly!

CUT TO:

106 DAVID'S POV - PIPE EXIT

106

Looking out into the dark as we HEAR SCREAMS and THRASHING, then silence.

CUT TO:

107 DAVID

107

horrified. He reaches into his jacket and pulls out his gun. He stares at it a moment, reholsters it, then picks up his light and crawls away.

DISSOLVE TO:

108 CLOSEUP - BED RAIL

108

gleaming chrome. We PULL FOCUS to SEE David's head, asleep on a pillow. His eyes open, fuzzy, and he gasps.

CUT TO:

109 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

109

David sits up in his hospital bed. ANN, a nurse, is making the bed next to him.

DAVID
Christ, how'd I get here?

ANN
We gave you a sedative. You were really wired. You kept calling out in your sleep.

DAVID
I dream --

ANN
About alligators?

DAVID
(remembering)
Kelly --

David bolts out of bed and begins to put his clothes on.

ANN
Hey, you're not supposed to be up yet!

The Chief enters.

CHIEF
David --

DAVID
Chief, we gotta go back down there.

CHIEF
You need a couple days rest.

DAVID
But it's down there, I saw it!

ANN
You're gonna give yourself a headache.

DAVID
Did you find Kelly?

CHIEF
Nothing.
(glances at Ann)
And no sign of your you-know-what either. Stay here a couple of days, take it easy.

(CONTINUED)

KEMP (O.S.)

Mind if I join you?

We SHIFT TO INCLUDE Kemp in the picture. She leans in the doorway. David takes the opportunity to finish dressing and get past the Chief and Ann.

DAVID

What happen, you lose your paper route?

KEMP

I've got a feature to write.

DAVID

Just make something up like you always do.

KEMP

I hear you misplaced a police officer.

CHIEF

We've got no comment on that.

KEMP

(to David)

Getting to be a habit with you. I pulled the files on the Baldwin Hotel shooting.

CHIEF

Lay off --

KEMP

What happened in the sewer yesterday?

CHIEF

(covering)

No comment.

KEMP

I asked Madison.

Chief shoots a look to David. David, nods, starts out the door.

DAVID

That's what the Chief and I are going to go find out. Aren't we, Chief?

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

109

CHIEF
(sighs, follows)
I guess so.

CUT TO:

110 HEAD OF A SNAKE

110

its fangs being pressed into a venom-collecting jar.

CUT TO:

111 MARISA, SNAKE

111

Marisa, now an attractive young woman, stands tapping a viper at a laboratory table.

MARISA
The biggest one ever recorded was around 15 feet. But down in a sewer -- no way. Even in a zoo they won't grow full size.

CUT TO:

112 INT. LABORATORY

112

David and the Chief watch Marisa handle the snake. There are another half-dozen of them in a box next to her.

CHIEF
(uneasy)
Are those your snakes, miss?

MARISA
They belong to the University. I have some nonpoisonous species at home, though.

DAVID
It was huge. It was bigger than 15 feet.

MARISA
You said you crawled in a pipe to get away?

DAVID
The thing -- alligator -- whatever -- couldn't follow. It was too big.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

MARISA

Then it was a dinosaur, not an
alligator. Impossible.

DAVID

I saw it.

MARISA

You said it was dark --

DAVID

(starts to leave)
Look, just forget it.

CHIEF

Miss -- is there any other kind of
animal that could be down there
that could be that big?

MARISA

Nothing that I know of. I'm
sorry.

The Chief gives David an I-told-you-so look.

CHIEF

Thanks for your help.

CUT TO:

113 INT. CAR

113

David and the Chief both grim as the Chief drives.

DAVID

I thought she could help.

CHIEF

Hey, she's the leading authority
and all -- it was worth a try.

DAVID

She's just a kid. And she lives
with snakes.

CHIEF

I didn't say she was normal, I
said she had the word on alligators.
Give it up, David, it's one of your
nightmares.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

DAVID

I'll take a squad down there with riot guns.

CHIEF

The only thing you're taking is a leave of absence. Look --

The Chief hands David a copy of the National Probe folded open to an article headlined: LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE, City Detective Loses Partner -- Again.

CUT TO:

114 INT. CAR - ANOTHER ANGLE

114

David tight as he reads the article.

CHIEF

Our friend Kemp has got the hots for you.

DAVID

(reads)

'-- has disappeared under highly suspicious circumstances. No such mystery surrounds the death of Jerry Randolph of the St. Louis Metropolitan Police, who was paired with Madison on the fatal night of March 21st, 1975 --'

CUT TO:

115 INT. POLICE LOCKER ROOM - COPS

115

Some of the same cops dressing for duty as Meyer reads out loud from the same article.

MEYER

'-- witnesses report that Detective Madison's inaction enabled the three to escape, wounding Randolph in the process. A Board of Inquiry hearing investigating the officer's death made no finding against Madison. In the more recent disappearance --'

Meyer stops as David enters the aisle.

DAVID

Hey, guys.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: 115

They don't answer. They watch him open his locker.

116 DAVID 116

opens his locker and a little rubber alligator tumbles out at him. He catches it, looks at it. He doesn't look to the cops. He pockets it, puts a new-bought electric razor into his locker, and exits.

CUT TO:

117 COPS 117

watching David go. When he is out of sight Meyer continues:

MEYER

'-- more recent disappearance, city officials have been unwilling to make any comment. This reporter, for one, is not satisfied.'

CUT TO:

118 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM 118

Ann taking a patient's temperature as Kemp talks with her.

KEMP

Dreams?

ANN

He was out on meds most of the time he was here. He kept coming out with some garbage about alligators in the sewers.

KEMP

(laughing)

Alligators?

CUT TO:

119 INT. SEWER - KEMP 119

large flashlight in hand, strobe-flash camera around her neck. She walks through a dry section of sewer, searching. She finds an old boat, arranges it artistically, squats -- FLASH! -- shoots a picture.

CUT TO:

120 EYE 120
of the gator, gleaming red as OMINOUS MUSIC BEGINS.
CUT TO:

121 KEMP 121
in another section, a small stream of water flowing
around her feet. A NOISE, Kemp turns -- FLASH!
CUT TO:

122 RAT 122
An enormous rat frozen in the flash.
CUT TO:

123 EYE 123
of the gator as its head moves.
CUT TO:

124 GATOR'S POV - KEMP 124
We TRACK TOWARD Kemp, SEEN DIMLY ahead of us, fooling
with her camera. FLASH! She takes a picture of some-
thing. We TRACK CLOSER. FLASH! Another picture. We
are almost on top of her when she turns, sees, screams
-- bringing her camera up as if to protect herself.
CUT TO:

125 LEG 125
FLASH! A strobe-glimpse of gator leg.
CUT TO:

126 JAW 126
FLASH! A glimpse of jaw.
CUT TO:

127 EYE

127

FLASH! The eye, very close, then darkness and another bloodcurdling SCREAM.

CUT TO:

128 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

128

A small, incredibly messy apartment. David is sprawled on the bed, asleep in his clothes, with the remains of a take-out Chinese dinner and a dozen library books on alligators spread out around him. The puppy licks at a cardboard food container.

CUT TO:

129 CLOSEUP - ILLUSTRATION

129

in one of the books. A large bull alligator in a photo.

CUT TO:

130 ILLUSTRATION

130

This one a drawing of a gator attacking a boat, more imaginative than draftsmanlike.

CUT TO:

131 ILLUSTRATION

131

A very old rendering of a monstrous alligator-like creature.

CUT TO:

132 TELEPHONE

132

RINGING. David's hand appears, he lifts the receiver to his ear, half-asleep.

DAVID

Hello? Yeah. Kemp? You sure?
Jesus... Yeah, I'll be right down.

CUT TO:

133 CLOSEUP - KEMP'S CAMERA

133

in a clear plastic evidence bag.

CUT TO:

134 INT. POLICE LAB - NIGHT

134

David examines the camera with the Chief as various cops pass by.

CHIEF

It got caught in a grate by Tank Five.

DAVID

Any sign of her?

CHIEF

The sanitation people wouldn't go in any further. The rumor is starting to spread.

SPARKS, a photo expert, comes out of the darkroom with a handful of drying prints.

SPARKS

Get 'em while they're hot!

CHIEF

Anything good?

SPARKS

You won't believe it.

CHIEF

(looking)

My God, it's a rat --

SPARKS

Not that one. Here --

Sparks lays the photos out on the table.

CUT TO:

135 PICTURES

135

Three photos -- a blurred head shot, a bit of jaw and leg, and a closeup of an enormous open mouth -- the gator as it attacked.

CUT TO:

136 INT. LAB ROOM

136

DAVID
That's it. You believe me now?

CHIEF
We'll get the herpetologist to
take a look.

DAVID
Who?

CHIEF
The snake-lady.

SPARKS
Imagine clickin' away with your
camera while that's comin' at
you.

DAVID
She'll make the front page.
That's all she really wanted.

CUT TO:

137 NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

137

The full page headline on the Probe reads: REPORTER
TAKES PIX OF OWN KILLER! Beast Stalks City Sewers.

CUT TO:

138 EXT. STREET - CBS NEWSMAN

138

holding a mike, an open manhole framed in the b.g.

CBS
Police authorities revealed a
bizarre story today --

CUT TO:

139 EXT. STREET - ABC NEWSWOMAN

139

with mike, another open manhole in the b.g.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

ABC

-- appeared from photographs to be
an abnormally large alligator or
similar animal --

CUT TO:

140 TV SCREEN, MAYOR

140

MAYOR LADUE, looking somber, addresses his citizens.

MAYOR

-- and I assure you as Mayor of
Slade City that no expense or effort
will be spared in the hunt for this --

CUT TO:

141 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

141

David sits at the edge of his bed, watching TV in his
underwear.

LOCAL (V.O.)

-- and probably the leading authority
here in the Midwest on reptile and
amphibian life, as well as a native
of our own city.

CUT TO:

142 TV SCREEN - DAY

142

A LOCAL NEWSMAN interviews Marisa in a biology lab.
She is in a white lab coat, looking serious.

MARISA

It's an alligator.

LOCAL

Yes. Or some sort of large --

MARISA

It's an alligator.

LOCAL

I see. And how large would you say
it is, now that you've seen the pictures?

MARISA

It can't be very big if it's been living
in the sewers. Even under ideal conditions
in a zoo they don't grow nearly as large
as they would in --

CLICK!

CUT TO:

- 143 DAVID 143
has turned the TV off, angry.
 DAVID
 Asshole.
He looks across the room at something.
CUT TO:
- 144 CLOSEUP - RUBBER ALLIGATOR 144
sitting on the top of the dresser.
CUT TO:
- 145 CLOSEUP - DAVID 145
looks at it apprehensively.
CUT TO:
- 146 EXTREME CLOSEUP - RUBBER ALLIGATOR'S HEAD 146
the painted eyes eerie and soulless. An OMINOUS
REFRAIN is played.
CUT TO:
- 147 RIOT GUN 147
shells being pumped into its chamber.
CUT TO:
- 148 STREET - SWAT TEAM 148
armed and helmeted, checking weapons by a storm drain
entrance.
- 149 INT. SEWER - TACTICAL POLICE 149
a five-man squad waiting for kick-off. A RADIOMAN
works his box.

 RADIOMAN #1
 Charlie Three, Charlie Three, this
 is One Foxtrot, do you read me?

CUT TO:

150 INT. SEWER - COPS

150

a squad of regulars in riot gear, their own Radioman receiving --

RADIOMAN #2

That you, Bo? This is Frank. Frank.
Yeah, sure, One Foxtrot, whatever.
Three minutes to kick-off, right.
Watch your toes.

CUT TO:

151 STREET - COMMAND CENTER

151

patrol cars and blockades surrounding a sewer opening, cops bustling around.

CUT TO:

152 MAP, CHIEF AND DAVID

152

they pore over a large table map of the sewer system.

DAVID

(points)

We've got men pushing through from every entry point, converging into the main stretch of tunnel here so he's only got one possible exit.

CHIEF

What if it doesn't run?

Marisa arrives alongside them.

MARISA

It will.

DAVID

Who sent for her?

MARISA

As long as you don't corner it you're fine.

CHIEF

We don't know how this thing is going to react, David. Maybe she can help us.

MARISA

(offers to shake)

I'm sorry I didn't believe you.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

DAVID
(shrugs)
Don't lose any sleep over it.

CUT TO:

153 INT. SEWER - COP

153

banging the sewer wall with his nightstick as he walks.
We WIDEN the SHOT to INCLUDE the rest of the squad,
banging and walking, rifles slung.

CUT TO:

154 INT. SEWER - TACTICALS

154

coming down a tunnel with guns ready and only one cop
at the rear noisemaking by knocking a pair of plastic
shields together.

CUT TO:

155 INT. SEWER - SQUADS

155

Two beating squads exit from separate forks, join,
and continue.

CUT TO:

156 EYE

156

of the gator, wide open as he listens.

CUT TO:

157 STICK

157

banging against the wall.

CUT TO:

158 FEET

158

of a half-dozen cops wading through waste-water.

CUT TO:

159 SHIELDS 159
Plastic shields being banged together.
CUT TO:

160 GATOR 160
swings around.
CUT TO:

161 FEET 161
of gator moving as he begins to crawl.
CUT TO:

162 EXT. SEWER EXIT 162
A large duct emptying to the outside. No sound.
CUT TO:

163 WAITING COPS 163
The police are set up around the exit, armed, dug in
behind bunkers, all eyes on the opening.
CUT TO:

164 SEARCHLIGHTS 164
Huge police searchlights buzz as they come on. It is
dusk.
CUT TO:

165 MARISA 165
comes to sit by David. He is unmoved by her presence.

MARISA

I had one when I was little.

David ignores her.

MARISA

An alligator. My father found it
dead one day so I didn't get to keep
it long.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

165

DAVID
(distracted)
Right.

MARISA
They're not really very good pets.
Snakes are much better.

David watches the exit. Marisa watches David.

DAVID
You're a weird kid, you know that?

MARISA
I'm not a kid.

DAVID
Anybody younger than I am is a kid.

MARISA
I'm real sorry about your friend.
That must have been awful to see.

David looks away.

CUT TO:

166 LEGS

166

of the gator, splashing through foot-deep water.

CUT TO:

167 CLUBS, FEET, COPS

167

thru

172 A MONTAGE of the continuing drive through the sewer.

thru

172

CUT TO:

173 SEWER EXIT - TWILIGHT

173

The cops still dug in, waiting.

CUT TO:

174 DAVID, MARISA, CHIEF

174

David is marking the map.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

174

DAVID

Charlie Three just called in from here.
They'll be flushing him out in five,
ten minutes.

CHIEF

If he's still in there.

DAVID

Where's he gonna go?

MAYOR

(approaching)

Where'd he come from, that's what
I'd like to know.

CHIEF

Mayor Ladue, this is David Madison,
he's heading the operation up --

MAYOR

This alligator better show up, my
friend, or we're all going to look
pretty stupid.

CUT TO:

175 INT. SEWER

175

very dark. We TRACK IN towards a nook in the tunnel
till we SEE the gator's eyes, shining red. We HEAR
cops approaching, beating on the walls with their sticks,
and PAN AWAY to LOOK down the tunnel. Lights appear
first, then a squad of cops becomes VISIBLE. They
walk toward us. We PICK UP the lead cop, FOLLOW him
a couple steps, then PAN with his light-beam as he
casts it into the nook. The gator is gone.

CUT TO:

176 SEWER EXIT

176

washed by floodlights. We HEAR the BEATING of dozens
of cops ECHOING out from the tunnel.

CUT TO:

177 EXT. SEWER EXIT - COPS

177

waiting tensely, rifles poised.

CUT TO:

178 CHIEF 178
watching the exit.

CUT TO:

179 DAVID 179
watching the exit.

CUT TO:

180 SEWER EXIT 180
The BEATING STOPS. An amplified VOICE calls out from
inside.

VOICE
Don't shoot! We're coming out!

Cops begin to pour out the exit.

CUT TO:

181 DAVID 181
confused.

CUT TO:

182 COPS 182
The waiting cops rise from their gun positions, move
to greet the exiting beaters.

CUT TO:

183 DAVID, CHIEF 183
reacting.

CHIEF
We better go figure out what
we're going to hand to the press
on this.

DAVID
It's still in there. They missed
it.

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

183

A knot of reporters approaches, brandishing cameras and microphones.

CHIEF

Let's go, David.

CUT TO:

184 MARISA

184

watching the stragglers file out of the sewer tunnels.

CUT TO:

185 INT. CAR - NIGHT

185

Chief driving, David staring out the window as they drive silently through a run-down neighborhood. Chief stops as a little kids' baseball game under a street light blocks his way. Chief HONKS the HORN.

CHIEF

Come on, come on.

CUT TO:

186 EXT. STREET

186

The kids move aside then re-form. Chief's car drives away. A small boy, JOEY, is pitching. He takes his place in the middle of the street with a sponge ball.

JOEY

Batter up!

A batter takes his stance. Joey winds from a stretch, looks to the runner on first, cocks his arm back -- Whoom! The pavement beneath him explodes upward, sending him sprawling backwards, bits of macadam flying.

CUT TO:

187 JOEY

187

sprawled on the street, looking on in terror.

CUT TO:

188 STREET - GATOR

188

The gator climbs out of the now-gaping hole in the pavement, kids screaming away from it in every direction. It is enormous, dinosaur-like. It roars.

CUT TO:

189 STREET - CAR

189

A car comes around the corner of the street, a bit too fast.

CUT TO:

190 INT. CAR

190

The driver hitting the brakes and swerving as he sees his path blocked by a giant alligator.

CUT TO:

191 STREET - CAR

191

A SCREECH of TIRES as the car swerves -- Wham! The car shears off a fire hydrant and smashes into a parked car. Water geysers up from the hydrant.

CUT TO:

192 GATOR

192

lifting his head to roar.

CUT TO:

193 CAR - DRIVER

193

The driver wriggles out the bent-up passenger side door of his car, looks up, screams.

CUT TO:

194 GATOR

194

The gator grabs hold of the man's leg as he tries to cling to the car door.

CUT TO:

195 CLOSEUP - JOEY 195
screaming as he watches.

CUT TO:

196 GATOR - MAN 196
The gator has the man in the air now, shaking him
furiously by the leg.

CUT TO:

197 CLOSEUP - MAN 197
screaming as he is whipped about.

CUT TO:

198 GATOR - MAN 198
The gator gives a mighty snap of his head and the
man goes flying, his leg remaining in the gator's jaws.

CUT TO:

199 MAN 199
The man's lifeless form hits and tumbles into the
hydrant-washed gutter.

CUT TO:

200 GATOR 200
with the leg in its mouth, swings its head a few more
times.

CUT TO:

201 KIDS 201
watching horrified from behind a parked car.

CUT TO:

202 GATOR 202
crawling off into the dark down the street, chewing
on the leg.

CUT TO:

203 INT. APARTMENT - MOTHER

203

The apartment has seen better days. The MOTHER is on the phone.

MOTHER

So I says to him, I says, 'Listen, buster,' I says...

Joey comes screaming into the room.

JOEY

Mama, it's the alligator! It's the alligator! It's on the street!

MOTHER

Later, Joey, I'm on the phone.

JOEY

But it's the alligator!

MOTHER

I said later.

Joey grimaces and runs into the kitchen -- we HEAR SIRENS outside.

MOTHER

(continuing)

I'm sorry, Connie. The kids are out playing alligators and Joey is going bat-shit on me.

Joey speeds by with a huge knife.

MOTHER

(continuing;
yells)

Joey, you bring that back! He's got my bread knife now, he's driving me crazy.

CUT TO:

204 EXT. STREET - HYDRANT

204

spewing water.

CUT TO:

205 STREET

205

flashing with police cars now. Joey runs past with his knife as we PICK UP Marisa walking amid the confusion.

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED:

205

We FOLLOW her past a pair of medics body-bagging the dead driver, till she joins David and the Chief.

CHIEF

Jesus, look at the hole he made.

DAVID

He's loose in the city. I told you.

MARISA

He'll go for water.

CHIEF

What?

MARISA

He's used up a lot of energy.
He'll look for a place with water to rest.

CHIEF

Wonderful. We got lakes, we got canals, we got the river -- he can take his pick.

CUT TO:

206 INT. PARK - MONKEY CAGE

206

Monkeys inside going crazy, leaping, hooting and screeching.

CUT TO:

207 LION CAGE

207

A lion trots from side to side uneasily.

CUT TO:

208 FEET OF THE GATOR

208

walking the park pathway.

CUT TO:

209 COYOTES

209

A pair in a cage that bears the sign "Please Do Not Tease The Coyotes." They join in a long howl, heads tilted to the sky, and are answered by various ANIMAL NOISES from the rest of the park.

CUT TO:

210 PARK - PIGEONS - NIGHT

210

A couple pigeons walking on a path by a park bench. SMASH! A BOTTLE SHATTERS against the bench and they flutter away.

CUT TO:

211 ZOMBIES

211

An early-adolescent street gang in club jackets cruising the park. One throws another bottle into the air at the pigeons.

HECTOR

Stay out of our park, you bastards!

MICK

Zombies forever!

CHI CHI

Hey, where's fuckface?

TYRONE

(the leader)

What, the kid? I sent him down by the boathouse to steal some ducks.

CHI CHI

What we want with ducks?

TYRONE

Told him he wants to join the Zombies he's got to prove himself.

HECTOR

That old man keeps the birds has got a gun. Sucker is mean, too.

TYRONE

(shrugs)

So scratch one duck-rustler.

MICK

Zombies forever!

CUT TO:

- 212 BIRD CAGES 212
attached to a boat house by a little pond. We HEAR
QUACKING and HONKING from inside it.
CUT TO:
- 213 DUCKS AND GEESE 213
fluttering, displaying. Something is upsetting them.
CUT TO:
- 214 KID 214
A young, scared boy creeps up to the cages through
long marsh grass.
CUT TO:
- 215 GOOSE 215
honking in alarm.
CUT TO:
- 216 KID 216
at the cage, cutting through with wire clippers.
CUT TO:
- 217 INT. WATCH SHACK 217
An OLD MAN wakes, hearing the BIRDS. He reaches for a
gun on the bedside table.
CUT TO:
- 218 KID 218
has cut through the cage wire. The birds press out of
his reach against the back wall. He crawls in after
them. They scatter, but he catches a duck by the neck.
He turns to leave -- a shadow looms over him. His
eyes widen. The ducks and geese go bananas around him
as they see the beast.
CUT TO:

219 ZOMBIES

219

spray-painting graffiti on a statue. There is a high-pitched SCREAM from the pond.

CHI CHI

Sounds like the kid.

MICK

Old man must've caught him.

Another SCREAM.

TYRONE

Let's check it out.

They run in the direction of the scream.

CUT TO:

220 GEESE

220

trumpeting, loose outside the cage now.

CUT TO:

221 OLD MAN

221

standing outside the boathouse, gun held limply at his side, staring horrified. Another SCREAM...

CUT TO:

222 GATOR - KID

222

The gator has the boy in its jaws and is swallowing him in big retching gulps.

CUT TO:

223 OLD MAN - ZOMBIES

223

The Zombies arrive by the Old Man, stop and look, stunned.

TYRONE

Shoot it, man! Shoot the thing!

CUT TO:

224 GATOR - KID

224

Only the legs are visible now. The gator gulps them down, turns toward the pond.

CUT TO:

225 OLD MAN - ZOMBIES

225

Tyrone is wrestling to get the gun away from the nearly catatonic Old Man.

TYRONE

Shoot! Why don't you shoot!

CUT TO:

226 STREET - PATROL CARS

226

SIRENS SCREAMING as they hurtle down the night streets.

CUT TO:

227 FENCE - COPS

227

A pair of cops throw the beams of their lanterns on a demolished hurricane fence to the park. The gator has come this way, tearing a hole through the thick wire mesh.

CUT TO:

228 POND

228

The cops have arrived. Searchlights are played out over the water. Zombies are being questioned.

CUT TO:

229 BENCH

229

David and Marisa sit by the Old Man, who is in a daze.

MARISA

There was nothing you could do.

OLD MAN

He ate him. Swallowed him whole.

DAVID

Why didn't you shoot?

OLD MAN

Huh?

DAVID

You had a gun. Why didn't you shoot?

OLD MAN

Don't keep it loaded. Don't even have no bullets. I've always scared of hittin' one of them boys.

CUT TO:

230 CHIEF AND MAYOR

230

watching as a boat full of cops pushes off into the pond.

(CONTINUED)

230 CONTINUED:

230

MAYOR

You've had your shot, Jim. I'm bringing in some outside people.

CHIEF

The safety of the public is my job.

MAYOR

Only if I keep getting elected. This is gonna generate a lot of publicity. I'm not going to let your people fumble the ball for us.

CUT TO:

231 BENCH

231

Marisa wrapping a blanket around the Old Man.

DAVID

Mr. Lockwood? Mr. Lockwood, how big was it? Could you tell?

The Old Man looks to David and shakes his head.

OLD MAN

Like you never seen.

CUT TO:

232 CLOSEUP - MOLAGE - DAY

232

A plaster mold set in the gator's footprint in soft earth.

CUT TO:

233 MARISA, DAVID, PARK

233

Marisa is lifting the mold carefully out of the footprint.

MARISA

From the size of this it should be thirty to forty feet long. It's incredible.

DAVID

But it is an alligator?

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED:

233

MARISA

The footprints, the pictures, the witnesses -- I don't know what else it could be.

CHIEF (O.S.)

Madison!

We SHIFT THE CAMERA to INCLUDE the Chief and Mayor, approaching along the pond's edge with Brock, a ruddy, loud-talking big-game hunter. David rises to greet them, wary.

CHIEF

(continuing)

David, this is Colonel Brock.
He'll be --

KABOOM! There is an EXPLOSION from the pond.

CUT TO:

234 POND

234

KABOOM! Another BLAST, a huge spout of water rising up from the water surface.

CUT TO:

235 PARK - ALL

235

BROCK

What the hell is that?

CHIEF

We're setting off charges to see if we can bring it up.

BROCK

It's a wild animal, not a submarine.

MAYOR

(to David)

I've flown Colonel Brock in to take charge of the operation.

DAVID

Take charge?

MAYOR

He's hunted big game all over the world.

(CONTINUED)

235 CONTINUED:

235

DAVID
(defensive)
And what am I supposed to do?

BROCK
Just keep yourself out from
under my feet.

DAVID
Sure. I'll start right now.
David stalks away.

MAYOR
(calling)
Madison!

CHIEF
(to Brock)
You're a master of diplomacy.

MAYOR
Can't you control him?

CHIEF
Madison? I'm beginning to wonder.

MARISA
It isn't his fault the alligator
got loose.

BROCK
Who's this?

CHIEF
Dr. Kendall is an expert on...

BROCK
Oh, right, the lizard lady. Well,
you can go back to your books,
Doctor.

MARISA
You'd better take whatever help you
can get. I've seen what this animal
can do.

BROCK
(smiles)
If I couldn't get killed chasing it,
what fun would it be?

CUT TO:

236 PARK - DAVID

236

pissed, pushing through the crowds that have come to
the park to watch the charges go off.

CUT TO:

237 VENDOR 1

237

behind a little stand, selling green inflatable plastic alligators.

VENDOR 1
Alligators! Come and get 'em!

CUT TO:

238 VENDOR 2

238

a rival across the path, selling little rubber gators.

VENDOR 2
Baby gators! We got yer baby
gators here! See 'em wiggle, see
'em shake!

VENDOR 3
(off)
Alligator shirts! Get 'em while
they last!

CUT TO:

239 VENDOR 3

239

selling T-shirts, wallets, belts, bracelets, etc.

VENDOR 3
Your whole line of gator goods,
here! Get your wallets, get
your belts, get your alligator
handbags!

CUT TO:

240 DAVID

240

looking on. A SEEDY MAN with a shoe box approaches.

SEEDY
Hey, sport, wanna see somethin'?

DAVID
What?

The man opens the shoe box lid.

CUT TO:

241 BABY CAIMAN

241

A little spectacled caiman sits in the box.

MAN

He's yours for twenty.

CUT TO:

242 DAVID

242

SEEDY

Great pet for the kids. Just
feed 'im whatever's left at the
table and throw some water on
him now an' then.

DAVID

(calling)

Hey, you two! Ross! Stanley!

Two young cops come running.

DAVID

(continuing)

Bust this guy.

SEEDY

What? What for?

DAVID

Vending without a license, public
soliciting, illegal possession of
an endangered species.

The cops haul Seedy away.

SEEDY

This is an attack on the free
enterprise system!

DAVID

Give it something to drink, okay?
And maybe some grasshoppers or
something.

SEEDY

Communist!

CUT TO:

243 NEWSWOMAN, HERBERT

243

The ABC Newswoman interviews CLAUDE HEBERT, a smiling
Cajun, in front of the trampled park fence.

(CONTINUED)

243 CONTINUED:

243

ABC
Mr. Herbert, a native of
Pontchatoola, Louisiana, is a
professional alligator trapper.

HEBERT
(smiles)
Poacher.

ABC
Yes. Uhm -- what are these weapons
you have with you?

Hebert raises a huge axe.

HEBERT
This here's my persuader. Gator
don't wanna come into the boat,
you got to persuade 'im.

ABC
And the gun?

Hebert raises a double-barrelled shotgun.

HEBERT
That's my convincer. Sometimes
persuasion don't work.

244 INT. PATROL CAR

244

Ross drives, Stanley holds the baby caiman. Seedy is
in the back seat, scowling.

ROSS
(to caiman)
Tell us where your pal is hiding
and we'll go easy on you.

STANLEY
(reciting to caiman)
You have a right to remain silent.

ROSS
But if you clam up --

STANLEY
You have the right to have an
attorney present.

ROSS
-- there's gonna be a troop of Boy
Scouts making wallets out of you.

(CONTINUED)

244 CONTINUED:

244

STANLEY
You're allowed to make one phone
call.

DISSOLVE TO:

245 EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

245

David's car pulls up in front of the biology lab.

CUT TO:

246 INT. SPECIMEN ROOM

246

Marisa weighs baby chicks on a scale as David argues
with her.

MARISA
Look, I'm way behind on my
classwork, I've got two
experiments.

DAVID
It's still out there.

MARISA
They'll find it and your great
white hunter there will shoot it
and that's the end of it.

DAVID
You're not curious about how it
got that size?

MARISA
I'll be there at the autopsy.

DAVID
Look, I really need your help,
okay? I'm trying to put some
things together, and you're the
only one who can tell me if the
pieces fit. If it pans out I'll
buy you an iguana or something.

Marisa smiles despite herself.

MARISA
Okay.

CUT TO:

247 INT. MARISA'S LAB

247

David is bent over a microscope as Marisa looks on.

DAVID

What part did you say this was?

CUT TO:

248 DAVID'S POV - SLIDE

248

A stained sliver of tissue -- lumps and grains float about.

MARISA (O.S.)

That's a section from the pituitary of your Lhasa apso.

CUT TO:

249 LAB

249

David is looking at Marisa now.

MARISA

The dark blue globs indicate that it's been bombarded with some kind of hormone derivative.

DAVID

What'll that do?

MARISA

In some cases it'll make little dogs into big dogs. I'd put my money on somatropin, but if they were throwing test animals down the sewer for years there's no telling what combination our friend has been exposed to.

CUT TO:

250 EXT. STREET - PATROL CARS - DAY

250

SIRENS SCREAMING as they streak through the city streets.

CUT TO:

251 STREET CORNER, CROWD

251

People and cops crowding around the opening to an alleyway.

CUT TO:

252 ALLEY

252

A huge metal dumpster has been capsized -- there is trash strewn everywhere. Brock is kicking through the debris, the Chief shadowing him as cops attempt to keep the residents from crowding into the alley.

CHIEF

We got here as soon as we got the call.

BROCK

How do you expect me to track an animal with your idiots running their sirens everytime I get close?

CHIEF

Our men are trained.

BROCK

Your men couldn't catch a cold. Now keep 'em out of my hair.

Brock takes a stick and pokes at something on the ground.

BROCK

(continuing)

Jesus, he's a big one.

CHIEF

What's that?

BROCK

Alligator spoor. Don't step in it.

CUT TO:

253 INT. CATTLE PEN

253

Helms is taking measurements on a huge, tightly-penned calf as Marisa and David look on.

MARISA

And progestyrine?

HELMS

Of course. We've tested them all.

DAVID

What kind of a cow is that?

HELMS

It's a calf.

(CONTINUED)

253 CONTINUED:

253

DAVID

Awful big for a calf.

HELMS

The world has a food problem, Detective, and we're trying to do something about it.

MARISA

I heard you developed a synthetic form of testorserone.

HELMS

We had some success with that.

MARISA

Why didn't you market it?

HELMS

A few contraindications, the main one being that it tended to hyper-excite the organism's metabolic rate.

DAVID

What's that in English?

HELMS

It gave them an insatiable appetite.

David and Marisa trade a look.

HELMS

(continuing)

Look, I've got a lot to do. Are there any more questions?

DAVID

Yeah. How much would you pay for a hot Lhasa apso?

CUT TO:

254 INT. SLADE'S OFFICE

254

Slade is on the phone.

SLADE

Yes, Mayor, Slade here. We've got a little problem here at the lab you could take care of for us.

(CONTINUED)

254 CONTINUED:

254

We PAN TO SEE Helms, standing nervously by Slade's desk.

CUT TO:

255 INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE

255

The Mayor on the phone.

MAYOR

Yes, sir. Yes, sir. I understand.
No problem. You're welcome.
Goodbye, sir.

The Mayor hangs up, takes a stomach pill, then dials.

MAYOR

(continuing)

Hello, Chief?

CUT TO:

256 INT. CORRIDOR, POLICE STATION

256

The Chief exits from his office, looking grim.

DAVID

(calling, off)

Chief!

We PULL FOCUS as the Chief turns to see David rushing down the hall to him.

DAVID

(continuing)

Chief, I've got the scoop on the alligator.

CHIEF

David.

DAVID

The big cheese over at Slade's is up to his neck in it.

CHIEF

I'll need your shield, David.
You're off the force.

DAVID

What?

(CONTINUED)

256 CONTINUED:

256

CHIEF

You pushed it too far.

DAVID

You don't really expect me to work
under that guy Brock, do you?

CHIEF

It's out of my hands.

DAVID

(realizing)

Oh. I get it.

The Chief walks away, not able to look David in the
eyes. A young COP marches up to David with a note.

COP

Homicide?

DAVID

(dazed)

Not any more.

CUT TO:

257 EXT. WINDOW, TENEMENT BUILDING

257

A man appears and empties a sack of trash out the win-
dow. We FOLLOW it fluttering down to the dark alley
below, then TRACK IN SLIGHTLY till we SEE the red glow
of the hiding gator's eyes. OMINOUS MUSIC.

CUT TO:

258 SHOOTING GALLERY, DUCKS

258

POP! PING! POP! The second of three ducks cruising
past flops over.

CUT TO:

259 SHOOTING GALLERY - DAVID

259

firing away in a large amusement center. He's a bad
shot. Marisa appears beside him.

MARISA

Where were you?

DAVID

How did you find me?

(CONTINUED)

256 CONTINUED:

256

MARISA
I waited an hour.

DAVID
I got canned.

MARISA
What?

DAVID
We stepped on the wrong toes.

MARISA
That's terrible. Are you okay?

DAVID
I feel great. Isn't that weird?
Listen, what do you do for fun?

MARISA
What?

DAVID
For entertainment?

MARISA
(thinks)
I like my job a lot. I like to
read.

DAVID
Do you want to do something with
me? To celebrate?

MARISA
Are you sure you're okay?

CUT TO:

260 STREET - BROCK, ZOMBIES

260

The Colonel is making a deal with the gang.

BROCK
Every expedition needs its
bearers, its native guides.

CHI CHI
What's in it for us?

BROCK
Ten dollars apiece per day.

(CONTINUED)

260 CONTINUED:

260

TYRONE

I get twenty.

BROCK

Ah -- the local chieftan. Fine,
you can be my number-one boy.

Tyrone gives him a dull stare.

CUT TO:

261 CLOSEUP - PUPPY

261

David's puppy tugs at a shoe.

CUT TO:

262 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - EVENING

262

David sits on the bed playing with the dog while
Marisa stands, looking around at the mess uncomfortably.

DAVID

His name is Snaps II. He's the
sequel to a dog I had before.

MARISA

He's nice.

DAVID

Were you into snakes when you
were a kid?

MARISA

Uh-huh.

DAVID

What was the attraction?

MARISA

I don't know -- I guess animals
were a lot less frightening than
people were. They're very quiet.
Reptiles.

DAVID

Did you have boyfriends?

MARISA

A couple.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARISA (CONT'D)

(laughs)

One guy named Stewart who was president of the science club. He carried a little chessboard in his shirt pocket. Used to mutter things like 'Queen to pawn three' when we were together.

DAVID

(nods)

Taught himself calculus.

MARISA

In the ninth grade. And then a guy named Chester Helms who was into lizards like I was.

DAVID

Must have been cozy.

MARISA

Yeah. Until he started to experiment on them.

DAVID

Chester, huh?

MARISA

And lately -- I don't know. I guess I don't have the greatest manner with people. My mother -- well, she wouldn't let me out of her sight. I'd spend whole evenings talking to my turtles.

DAVID

(amused)

Turtles? You had turtles, too?

MARISA

Don't laugh. They were named after the characters on Star Trek.

David laughs.

DAVID

(to dog)

Come on, kid, I gotta feed you.

MARISA

Could I use your phone?

David goes into the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

262 CONTINUED: (2)

262

DAVID (O.S.)

Help yourself.

Marisa dials.

MARISA

Hello, Mama? I'll be back late
tonight -- no, Mama, no, I'm just
going out for dinner -- Mama --
would you listen? Mama --

She holds the phone away from her ear, then realizes
that David has returned and is watching her.

MARISA

(continuing;
embarrassed)

I live at home.

CUT TO:

263 STREET - NIGHT

263

Brock and the Zombies walk down a ghetto street in a
loose formation. Tyrone carries Brock's gun, one steps
behind him.

BROCK

You say it's close by?

TYRONE

Right up there. They said they
heard heavy breathin'.

BROCK

(skeptical)

Heavy breathing.

They stop by the entrance to a dark alley.

TYRONE

That's it. Call it Booger Alley.

BROCK

Where does it lead to?

HECTOR

It lets out by the railroad tracks.

BROCK

(nods)

Chi Chi! Bottle!

(CONTINUED)

263 CONTINUED:

263

Chi Chi comes forward with a pint of Jack Daniels.
Brock takes a snort.

BROCK
(continuing)
We'd better go in and look around.

TYRONE
Who's 'we'?

BROCK
The bearers follow the hunter into
the lair. They back him up.

Tyrone unzips the gun bag.

TYRONE
Not in this jungle, mister.

He hands the rifle to Brock.

TYRONE
(continuing)
We meet you on the other side.

BROCK
(disgusted)
No backbone. It must be the
environment.

Brock takes a deep breath, pockets the pint, and plunges
into the darkness. The Zombies watch him go, then
Tyrone snaps his fingers and they run off.

CUT TO:

264 ALLEY

264

Brock steps cautiously, gun ready, eyes darting --
OMINOUS MUSIC BEGINS.

CUT TO:

265 TRASH LID

265

slides off a can, BAM! An alley cat jumps over it.

CUT TO:

266 BROCK

266

jerking his gun at it, then relaxing.

CUT TO:

267 SHADOW OF THE GATOR 267
cast on the brick alley wall, head lifted to sniff.
CUT TO:

268 CLOSEUP - BROCK 268
peering into the dark as he walks.
CUT TO:

269 CLOSEUP - GATOR 269
eyes glowing red in the dark.
CUT TO:

270 RIFLE IN BROCK'S HANDS 270
gripped tightly.
CUT TO:

271 BROCK 271
stops, lays his rifle against a wall, then pulls the
pint out to restoke himself. He takes a long drink.
There is a ROAR.
CUT TO:

272 PINT 272
SMASHES to the ground.
CUT TO:

273 CLOSEUP - BROCK 273
frightened, looks down the tunnel.
CUT TO:

274 BROCK'S HANDS 274
Rifle in hand again, finger on the trigger.
CUT TO:

275 BROCK 275
waiting, gun on shoulder, tense.

CUT TO:

276 GATOR 276
POUNCE! Leaps out from the dark with a tremendous
roar.

CUT TO:

277 GUN BARREL 277
flashing as Brock FIRES.

CUT TO:

278 EXT. ALLEY - ZOMBIES 278
unnerved by the sounds.

MICK
Shit. You think he got him?

TYRONE
(nervous)
Do I think who got who?

A LOUD ROAR ECHOES from the alley.

TYRONE
(continuing)
We ain't waitin' to find out,
neither. Let's split.

The Zombies run off, but for Hector, who lays Brock's
backpack by the alley exit before he scats away --
another ROAR from the alley.

CUT TO:

279 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 279
David is laying some newspaper in the corner for Snaps
II while Marisa sits on the edge of the bed, more at
ease than she was before.

DAVID
You know when I first met you I
thought you were a real tight-ass.

(CONTINUED)

279 CONTINUED:

279

MARISA

When I first met you I thought you were somebody who's apartment would look just like this.

DAVID

Yeah, I'll have to shovel it out sometime. Listen, Marisa -- we're gonna go out and eat, right, and all the while I'm gonna be wondering whether you'll come back and spend the night with me.

MARISA

Oh.

DAVID

That isn't an answer. See if I have to eat food and I'm worrying yes or no it hyper-excites my metabolic rate and --

Marisa starts to laugh.

DAVID

(continuing)

What? This is serious business here.

David crosses to her, kisses her. He puts his arms around her. She presses her head against his chest.

MARISA

Yes. I'd like to sleep with you.

DAVID

We should do it before we eat. I'll be too distracted to taste anything.

CUT TO:

280 TV SCREEN - ANCHORMAN

280

reading news from his desk.

ANCHOR

-- latest killing was in the Marquette Hill section of the city, where the animal is believed to still be at large. Residents are warned --

CUT TO:

281 INT. APARTMENT - MAN

281

in a sleeveless T-shirt. We FOLLOW him from the TV to the bedroom and TRACK IN CLOSER as he kneels to pull a small handgun from a shoebox under his bed.

ANCHOR (V.O.)

-- to stayed off the streets and asked to report any sightings of the alligator immediately. Police have surrounded the area and hope to have results within --

CUT TO:

282 CLOSEUP - GUN

282

cradled fondly in the man's hand.

CUT TO:

283 GUN MONTAGE

283

thru
289

MILITARY MUSIC PLAYS as various residents get out their hardware. .44s, .38s, Saturday night specials, a few old deer rifles, all come out of closets and drawers and refrigerators as the Marquette Hill residents arm themselves against the invader.

thru
289

CUT TO:

290 INT. APARTMENT

290

An old man, HAROLD, sits in a cracked-linoleum studio levelling an old shotgun at the hall door from his easy chair. His wife, MARTHA, stands behind him, terrified.

MARTHA

Please, Harold, put it away. I don't think they can climb stairs.

HAROLD

I'm not takin' any chances.

CUT TO:

291 INT. APARTMENT

291

David and Marisa lie in bed together.

(CONTINUED)

291 CONTINUED:

291

DAVID
I was looking in the guest book,
checking on the license numbers --

CUT TO:

292 CLOSEUP - DAVID

292

DAVID
-- when the guy I thought was the
desk clerk comes up and sticks
this thing against the back of
my neck. He told me he'd blow
my brains out and he took my gun
and gave it to one of the others
who had been hiding. They made
me lie face down on the desk. I
heard yelling upstairs, then shots.
The guy behind me ran. I couldn't
move. It was like my legs were gone.

CUT TO:

293 DAVID AND MARISA

293

DAVID
When I finally turned around Jerry
had come down the stairs and he
was dying.

A moment of silence as Marisa takes it in.

MARISA
He had a gun on you, what could you
do?

DAVID
He had a roll of pennies from the
cash box. The only gun they had
was the one they took from me.
They killed Jerry with it.

MARISA
(touches his arm)
How could you know?

DAVID
I froze. Just like I froze down in
the sewer.

(CONTINUED)

293 CONTINUED:

293

MARISA
You can't blame yourself for
surviving.

DAVID
(bitter)
Why not?

CUT TO:

294 LONG SHOT OF FULLER AVENUE - NIGHT

294

a run-down block of brick housing. We HEAR a ROAR
from somewhere on the street.

CUT TO:

295 EXT. SECOND STORY WINDOW

295

A rifle barrel eases out, steadies, BLAM!

CUT TO:

296 STREET CORNER

296

A dark corner, the streetlight busted, looking from
the tenements' POV. There is another ROAR.

CUT TO:

297 ROOFTOP

297

Three young men stand up with handguns BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM! BLAM! they shoot down into the dark corner.

CUT TO:

298 CORNER

298

from rooftop POV. Another ROAR.

CUT TO:

299 SHOOTING MONTAGE

299

thru
306

Residents pop out from windows, crouch on front stoops,
lean from doorways, blasting away at the sound.

thru
306

CUT TO:

307 CORNER

307

another ROAR as bullets CHIP away at the pavement.

CUT TO:

308 INT. APARTMENT

308

The GUNFIRE CRACKLING outside.

HAROLD

It's comin'! It's comin'!

MARTHA

Calm down, Harold, your heart.

There is a KNOCK on the door, BOOM! Harold cuts a BLAST loose that shreds the top of the hall door.

RAMIREZ

(outside)

Madre de Dios!

MARTHA

Good Lord, you've killed the super!

HAROLD

(calls)

Ramirez? That you?

RAMIREZ

(outside, enraged)

Cabron! Hijo de la gran puta!

CUT TO:

309 CORNER

309

The GUNFIRE dwindles, stops. The corner is quiet. Then a lone human voice.

HEBERT

(from dark)

Don't shoot! I surrender!

Hebert emerges from the darkness carrying something. We HEAR approaching patrol car SIRENS from every direction.

CUT TO:

310 FULLER AVENUE

310

Residents pouring out from the rowhouses to see Hebert as the patrol cars start squealing to a halt around him.

CUT TO:

311 HEBERT, CAR

311

The CHIEF pulls up and gets out. Hebert holds a bullet-riddled phonograph speaker.

HEBERT

These people are crazy! They almost nailed me.

CHIEF

What's that?

HEBERT

I got a record of a bull gator's challenge call. The big one hears he comes to fight -- et voila!

CHIEF

Christ.

A teenage BOY runs up, a nickle-plated automatic in his hand.

BOY

Where's the crocodile?

CHIEF

(pissed)

You got a license for that gun?

The Boy reflexively tosses the gun over his shoulder.

BOY

What gun?

CUT TO:

312 RESIDENTS

312

backing away from the gathered cop cars, dropping their weapons as coolly as possible.

CUT TO:

313 GUNS

313

clattering by the residents' feet.

CUT TO:

314 STREET, PEOPLE

314

CHIEF

(disgusted)

This whole block is under arrest!
Line up, all of you!

(CONTINUED)

314 CONTINUED:

314

HEBERT
Vous etes toutes folles ici!

CUT TO:

315 INT. DINER

315

David and Marisa sit finishing some low-rent Chinese food.

DAVID
I don't know -- I never wanted to be anything but a cop. Don't ask me why.

MARISA
Freud said the police want to punish society for their own illicit desires.

DAVID
Freud never worked the kamikazee shift in East St. Louis.

A pair of cops, PURDY and ASHE walk by, looking for a seat.

DAVID
(continuing)
Speaking of illicit desires.

ASHE
Hi, Madison.

DAVID
You fellas out shaking the bushes for Jungle Jim?

PURDY
They just scraped him up over to Marquette Hill.

MARISA
Brock?

ASHE
Whatever's left of him. We're pullin' a double shift looking for that damn animal.

PURDY
Tough break about the job, Madison.

(CONTINUED)

315 CONTINUED:

315

The two walk on. David pushes his food away, darkens.

DAVID
It's his own fault.

MARISA
What will they do now?

DAVID
Who cares? I'm out of it.

MARISA
It'll keep killing. It's appetite.

DAVID
Long as it only feeds on the
welfare side of the tracks,
nobody's gonna kick.

MARISA
I understand why you're bitter, but --

DAVID
Look, don't understand me so quick,
okay?

Marisa is stung by David's sharp tone. There is a
strained silence.

MARISA
I'd better be getting home.

DAVID
Yeah. Your mama will be waiting.

Marisa gets up, tight, throws a few dollars on the
table and stalks away. David regrets it immediately
but doesn't go after her. He holds his head in his
hands.

DAVID
(continuing)
Haven't lost the old charm.

CUT TO:

316 SUBURBS - DAY

316

A Norman Rockwell street, green lawns, white houses,
a paperboy whooshing by on his bike.

CUT TO:

317 BACKYARD, PLAYPEN

317

A little girl toddler stands in a small wooden playpen. She tries to climb over the side.

CUT TO:

318 MOTHER, LAUNDRY TREE

318

A young MOTHER humming as she hangs wet linen on the aluminum tree. The PHONE RINGS inside the house. The Mother kisses her daughter as she passes to answer it. We HOLD on the toddler as she tries again to climb over the side of the playpen.

CUT TO:

319 FOOT OF THE GATOR

319

claws biting into new-mowed lawn. OMINOUS MUSIC begins.

CUT TO:

320 TODDLER

320

half in and half out of the playpen.

CUT TO:

321 TAIL

321

Tip of the gator's tail trailing across the lawn. It trails past a plastic Big Wheels, past a broken whiffle ball.

CUT TO:

322 CLOSEUP - TODDLER

322

giggling as she looks off at something -- points.

CUT TO:

323 INT. HOUSE - MOTHER

323

finishing her call.

(CONTINUED)

323 CONTINUED:

323

MOTHER

Sure, sure. I'll drop her off at
the optometrist's and you meet me
there. Right, bye.

She hangs up and we FOLLOW her to the rear screen door,
she stops and looks out, confused -- a SCREECH OF MUSIC.

CUT TO:

324 BACKYARD - MOTHER'S POV

324

The playpen is empty. No sign of the little girl.

CUT TO:

325 MOTHER

325

We FOLLOW as she runs out, calling in panic.

MOTHER

Amy! Amy where are you! Amy!

She runs around the side of the house, looks out front,
runs around the other side, runs out back again -- no
Amy. She is in tears, frantic.

MOTHER

(continuing)

Amy!

There is a small SOUND by the clothes tree. She goes
to it, sees her wicker basket lying upside down. She
turns it over and there is Amy, hiding, giggling. The
Mother scoops her into her arms and hugs her.

MOTHER

(continuing)

Don't you ever do that again, you
hear? I thought I'd lost you.

The Mother starts for the house with Amy. We HOLD THE
SHOT, then TRACK and TILT to a sheet that has been
knocked from the clothes tree. It lies on the ground,
bearing a huge alligator footprint.

CUT TO:

326 SKY - HELICOPTER

326

hovering over a suburban street.

CUT TO:

327 HOUSES - HELICOPTER POV

327

AERIAL SHOT of tidy lawns and gleaming blue backyard pools.

CUT TO:

328 BACKYARD

328

We HEAR the copter BEATING overhead as we TRACK past the barbecue pit, past the lawn chairs, past a little changing shed to the pool. The water surface is cluttered with floating objects -- air mattresses, paddle-boards, beachballs, an inflatable shark. We ZOOM IN to a dark bumpy thing -- OMINOUS MUSIC as we SEE it is the gator's eyes and snout barely above the surface as it rests submerged in the pool.

CUT TO:

329 EXT. CITY STREET - DAVID

329

entering a phone booth. He carries Snaps II and a bag of groceries. He puts in a dime, dials.

DAVID

Hello? Mrs. Kendall? Hi, my name is... yes... Marisa, yes... okay... I tried her there... I will... I'll do that... bye now.

David hangs up, shakes his head.

DAVID

(continuing)

Whacko.

His eye is caught by something in the booth.

CUT TO:

330 PICTURE

330

Scratched into the wall of the booth is a crudely-drawn giant alligator eating a crudely-drawn naked woman. "Eeeek!" is the message in her cartoon balloon.

CUT TO:

331 DAVID

331

lifts the puppy to look at it.

(CONTINUED)

331 CONTINUED:

331

DAVID

You see one of these babies, run
in the other direction.

CUT TO:

332 MARQUETTE HILL - SEARCHING COPS

332

thru

thru

336

336

Armed cops walking down alleys, questioning residents,
searching by the railroad tracks -- as a RADIO PATTERN
of reports plays on the track.

CUT TO:

337 EXT. COUNTRY ESTATE - LONG SHOT

337

The front lawn of the Slade estate, preparations under-
way for a huge outdoor party.

CUT TO:

338 LAWN

338

The Mayor trails Slade as the old man moves around
checking on the preparations.

MAYOR

I'd have to go to the Council for
funds for a reward.

SLADE

I'll take care of the money.

MAYOR

That's very generous of you.

SLADE

We've got four products pending
with the Food and Drug Administration.
There's a lot of politics involved.

MAYOR

And if they traced anything to the
company.

SLADE

You'd be out of a job, for one thing.

Helms approaches across the lawn -- Slade smiles
effusively.

(CONTINUED)

338 CONTINUED:

338

SLADE
(continuing)
Mayor Ladue -- my future son-in-law,
Arthur Helms.

HELMS
Pleased to meet you.

SLADE
Arthur is my number one boy.

CUT TO:

339 SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

339

Very peaceful.

CUT TO:

340 SHADOW OF GATOR HEAD

340

sharply outlined on a wall. It melts into the form of
a rabbit head. We HEAR boy's GIGGLING.

CUT TO:

341 BOY'S FEET

341

We TRACK with three sets of boy's bare feet as they
walk along the edge of the pool, passing the inflatable
shark we saw before.

TIM
You don't have the guts.

BARRY
I do.

TIM
Bet you don't.

CUT TO:

342 BOYS

342

We FOLLOW the boys as they walk to the high diving
board.

(CONTINUED)

342 CONTINUED:

342

RONNIE

Leave him alone.

BARRY

I'll show you. I'll do it right now.

RONNIE

In the dark?

BARRY

Sure. Why not?

TIM

You don't have the guts.

Barry gives them a look, climbs the ladder. He walks out on the board, turns his back to the water, heels over the board's edge -- he looks back at the surface.

CUT TO:

343 BARRY'S POV - POOL SURFACE

343

dark, glinting a bit under the moon.

CUT TO:

344 BARRY

344

looks scared.

CUT TO:

345 RONNIE & TIM

345

RONNIE

We should clear the stuff out of the pool first.

TIM

He's got room. C'mon, jump. Jump, chicken.

CUT TO:

346 BARRY

346

face set, arms out, trying to build the nerve.

CUT TO:

347 CLOSEUP - TIM

347

TIM
Jump, chicken!

CUT TO:

348 WATER SURFACE

348

stirring slightly, a red eye glints.

CUT TO:

349 TIM

349

TIM
Jump, jump!

CUT TO:

350 BARRY

350

sees something in the water, tries to scream but no sound will come out.

CUT TO:

351 BARRY'S POV - GATOR

351

The gator's head just visible among the pool debris.

CUT TO:

352 DIVING BOARD

352

Tim has come up and is trying to push Barry into the water. Barry still can't make a sound -- he loses his feet but grabs onto the board with his arm. Tim tries to peel his fingers back.

TIM
Look at him, he's petrified!
Chicken! Chicken!

The lights snap on, there is a ROAR.

CUT TO:

353 GATOR

353

exploding up from the water.

CUT TO:

354 MOTHER

354

by the changing shed, having turned on the light,
SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

355 POOL - GATOR

355

thrashing it's tail.

CUT TO:

356 AIR MATTRESS

356

thrown into the air by the tail, bouncing on the patio.

CUT TO:

357 BARRY - DIVING BOARD

357

belly flat to the board, hugging it, eyes clamped shut
in terror.

CUT TO:

358 GATOR

358

on the patio now, crawling out of the lighting off into
suburbia.

CUT TO:

359 POOL - INFLATABLE SHARK

359

air bubbles escaping as it sinks, punctured.

CUT TO:

360 INT. TRUCK - HEBERT

360

listening to a police RADIO mounted on his dashboard.

RADIO

-- sighting at Willow Street near
Palmer, Cleland Heights Section.
All cars procede to vicinity.

Hebert gives a joyous rebel yell.

(CONTINUED)

360 CONTINUED:

360

HEBERT
Laissez les bontemps roulez!

CUT TO:

361 STREET - TRUCK

361

Hebert's truck screeching into a 180° and speeding off in the other direction, dogs BAYING in the rear.

CUT TO:

362 BACKYARD

362

Patio and pool lights all on now, kids chasing each other around as the Chief talks with the shaken Mother.

MOTHER
I don't know how long it was in there. The man who cleans it didn't come this morning.

CHIEF
You've counted hands?

MOTHER
I thought we'd lost Barry. I panicked -- it was so big --

CHIEF
It's nothing to feel bad about.

CUT TO:

363 DIVING BOARD

363

A young COP kneels on the board trying to get Barry to let go. Barry's knuckles are white as he hugs to it with a death grip.

COP
Come on, son, it's gone now. It can't get you. Come on, Barry, you'll catch cold out here.

CUT TO:

364 HEBERT - TRUCK - DOGS

364

Hebert unleashes his pack, letting them whiff a strip of alligator hide before sending them into the night.

(CONTINUED)

364 CONTINUED:

364

HEBERT

Bon chance, mes amis. Bonne chasse.

The hounds run BAYING over the suburban lawns.

CUT TO:

365 TV SCREEN

365

a solemn REPORTER reading a news update.

REPORTER

-- the search has widened as the
animal appears to have broken out
of --

CUT TO:

366 INT. APARTMENT

366

David lies in bed, stroking the puppy on his chest
watching stone-faced.

REPORTER

(off, TV)

-- the police cordon surrounding
the city. Further details on this
latest attack will be available
at --

CUT TO:

367 CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND

367

Swings, slides, teeter-totters, a jungle gym. We HEAR
the high-pitched SNARLS & BARKS of the hounds, the ROAR
of the gator.

CUT TO:

368 DOGS

368

SNAPPING, SNARLING, circling.

CUT TO:

369 GATOR

369

backed against the teeter-totters, jaws and tail
slashing.

CUT TO:

370 TAIL - DOG 370
The tail catches a dog and sends it flying.
CUT TO:

371 DOG 371
landing, rolling, dead.
CUT TO:

372 GATOR 372
catches a dog in its jaws. A dying YELP as the dog is
crushed, then thrown aside.
CUT TO:

373 HEBERT 373
barrelling out of his truck, axe in one hand, shotgun
in the other. He runs, sees, stops.
HEBERT
(gasps)
La bete --
CUT TO:

374 GATOR 374
wheeling to face Hebert, ROARS.
CUT TO:

375 HEBERT 375
panics, throws his axe.
CUT TO:

376 GATOR 376
the axe hits, bounces off leaving a gash on the gator's
shoulder.
CUT TO:

377 HEBERT

377

WHAM! FIRES one barrel of the shotgun at the gator, turns and runs.

CUT TO:

378 GATOR

378

following after, ROARS, ignoring the dogs that snap at his sides.

CUT TO:

379 HEBERT

379

scurrying under the jungle gym for protection. He turns -- the shadow of the gator looms over him. BOOM! He FIRES the other barrel.

CUT TO:

380 TAIL

380

arching high in the air -- WHAM! coming down on the jungle gym pipes, bending, breaking.

CUT TO:

381 HEBERT

381

looking up in terror -- WHAM! another blow from the tail. A pair of dogs move in tight next to Hebert, SNARLING in protection.

CUT TO:

382 TAIL

382

lifts -- WHAM! smashes down on the pipes.

CUT TO:

383 PATROL CAR

383

speeding through the night, screeches to a halt. Chief pops out, listens for the BARKING, then jumps back in and peels out towards it.

CUT TO:

384 SWING

384

rocking gently in the breeze. A single dog is BARKING now, forlorn sounding. We HEAR a CAR drive up, doors SLAM.

CUT TO:

385 PLAYGROUND

385

We FOLLOW Chief and another cop past the bodies of the dead and dying hounds, over to the twisted wreck of the jungle gym. Hebert is tangled inside, broken shotgun beside him, a pool of blood glistening in the moonlight. The surviving dog GROWLS AND SNAPS at them, protecting his dead master.

CHIEF

We'd better get the animal unit out here. Don't want to have to shoot the dog.

CUT TO:

386 EXTREME CLOSEUP - EYES

386

gleaming red out of the blackness. The gator. A HEART-BEAT SOUND begins.

CUT TO:

387 STAIRS

387

David walking up a dim-lit flight of stairs, gun drawn.

CUT TO:

388 CORRIDOR

388

a long hotel corridor, David walking down it, gun drawn, tense. The HEARTBEAT gets louder.

CUT TO:

389 FLOOR - BLOOD

389

a thin stream of blood flows down toward David.

CUT TO:

390 DAVID

390

looks at the blood, steps around it. He comes to door #1. He takes a deep breath, throws it open.

CUT TO:

391 JERRY

391

his old partner stands there in uniform, face contorted in pain, holding his stomach with both hands, blood oozing between his fingers.

CUT TO:

392 DAVID

392

slams the door in fright, runs. He slows, follows the blood trickle to door #2, the HEARTBEAT gradually slowing back to normal -- when he is ready he throws the door open.

CUT TO:

393 KELLY

393

screaming soundlessly, reaching to grab David.

CUT TO:

394 DAVID

394

tearing loose from Kelly's grasp, terrified, slams the door, runs, the HEARTBEAT speeding again. He comes to a rest by door #3. He gets it together, turns the knob, braces himself, opens.

CUT TO:

395 GATOR

395

The huge head thrusts out at us, jaws open, but instead of a roar there is a HUMAN SCREAM.

CUT TO:

396 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

396

David screams, wakes up sweating. It takes him a minute to orient himself. He sits up, reaches for his clothes.

CUT TO:

397 INT. KENDALL KITCHEN - NIGHT

397

David sits at the table while Madeline, older and pretty crazy looking, gets him coffee.

MADELINE

She'll be right down. She's always been hard to get out of bed, Marisa.

She places a cup of coffee in front of David.

DAVID

Thank you.

MADELINE

Some days I'd go in and look at her and she'd be so peaceful sleeping there I couldn't bear to wake her and she'd miss school and get so mad at me but we'd make cookies and watch 'Days of Our Lives' together till Bill came home, that's my husband, Bill, God rest his soul, he always said sleeping too much led to an early grave but it turned out just the opposite for him, God rest his soul. She'll be right down.

DAVID

Huh?

MADELINE

She's so hard to get up. Would you like some coffee?

DAVID

Uhm -- I've got some.

MADELINE

Make yourself right at home, don't you?

MARISA

(entering)

Hello, David.

DAVID

Hi. I came to apologize.

MARISA

For what?

(CONTINUED)

397 CONTINUED:

397

DAVID

You name something, I'm sorry
for it.

MADELINE

Don't forget this is a school
night, Marisa.

MARISA

(to David)

Wanna see my rock collection?

CUT TO:

398 INT. MARISA'S STUDY

398

Marisa and David looking at a map. Marisa draws a line
connecting a number of Xs drawn on the map. The line
points toward the Mississippi.

MARISA

It's a pretty straight path.

DAVID

What's he after?

MARISA

No matter where he was raised he
has certain instincts --
alligators can smell things
that are miles and miles away.
I think he's going for big water.

DAVID

We've got to stop him. If he
gets into the Mississippi --

MARISA

(points)

I figure he'll sniff out this
canal that leads to the river.
If we set up where they meet I
think he'll come right to us.

DAVID

And when he does?

MARISA

I'll take my mother along, she can
talk him to death.

CUT TO:

399 GOLF BALL

399

resting on a tee -- WHACK! It is blasted off by a driver.

CUT TO:

400 BALL

400

flying through the air at us, WHUMP! Lands in the rough and hops into the woods.

CUT TO:

401 FOURSOME

401

Middle-aged men in pastel pants, HERB, LES, JIM and CAL out for a couple early morning rounds. Herb bemoans his tee shot.

HERB

Damn that slice.

LES

Herb spends more time in the woods than Smokey the Bear.

Jim and Cal scoot off in their cart.

CAL

Ought to carry a chainsaw in his bag.

JIM

Don't get lost in there, Herbie!

Herb shoots them the finger.

CUT TO:

402 FAIRWAY

402

Jim, Cal and Les wait on their iron shots for Herb.

JIM

Come on already.

CAL

Old skinflint doesn't want to part with a ball.

(CONTINUED)

402 CONTINUED:

402

LES

I'll shake him out of there.

Les takes off for the woods in his cart.

JIM

Probably just taking a long leak.

CUT TO:

403 PUTTING GREEN

403

Cal and Jim waiting to hole out.

CAL

Now what the hell are they doing?

JIM

Doctoring their scorecards.

There is a SCREAM from the woods.

CAL

Jokers.

Another SCREAM.

JIM

(worried)

We better go look.

CUT TO:

404 TREETOPS

404

of the woods, shaking as something huge moves under them.

CUT TO:

405 CART

405

pulling up by the edge of the woods. Jim and Cal jump out and hurry into the trees. We HOLD ON the cart a moment. There is a ROAR, then a SCREAM, then Cal stumbles out of the woods, bleeding.

CUT TO:

406 EXT. STREET - SUBURBS

406

The Chief stands by a patrol car, speaking over a radio transmitter -- two cops search a hedge in the rear.

CHIEF

No, I don't want to talk to Madison, things are crazy enough as it is. Just let me know when the state troopers are ready -- Over.

Chief tosses the transmitter back into the car, turns and sees the two cops.

CHIEF

(continuing)

Get out of there, dammit, he's not hiding in the bushes!

CUT TO:

407 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CAR

407

Marisa's car traveling along a wooded road.

CUT TO:

408 INT. CAR

408

Marisa driving, David poring over the map crumpled in his lap.

DAVID

There's a lock at the river end of the canal.

MARISA

I know. If it's operating today he'll probably leave the water.

DAVID

How long will we have to find him if he does?

MARISA

Depends on what's in his way.

CUT TO:

409 UNDERWATER SHOT - GATOR'S LEGS

409

We LOOK UP at its churning legs as it paddles out into the river.

CUT TO:

410 EXT. WATER - SCULLS

410

Two crews are sculling down the peaceful river, the COXSWAINS calling the strokes.

CUT TO:

411 GATOR'S POV - SCULLS

411

Half under and half above water as he swims toward them.

CUT TO:

412 UNDERWATER SHOT - SCULLS

412

The two slender hulls glide OVER US, the gator totally submerged now.

CUT TO:

413 CLOSEUP - COXSWAIN

413

of the trailing scull, calling tempo.

COX

Stroke, stroke, stroke --

CUT TO:

414 UNDERWATER SHOT - SCULL

414

rapidly TRACKING IN at the scull from below.

CUT TO:

415 SCULLS

415

LOOKING OVER THE SHOULDER of the trailing scull's coxswain at the lead scull as it BURSTS into two pieces as if torpedoed.

COX

Stroke, stroke... Oh, God!

CUT TO:

416 REVERSE SHOT - OARSMEN

416

The rowers looks puzzled at their horrified Cox; unaware of what's happening till they row into the wreckage and swimming teammates.

CUT TO:

417 UNDERWATER SHOT - LEGS - GATOR'S POV

417

of several pairs of legs treading water. We TRACK RAPIDLY IN at one pair.

CUT TO:

418 SURFACE - SWIMMER

418

making for the floating scull -- WHOOSH! He's pulled straight under by the gator.

CUT TO:

419 WATER - SWIMMER

419

Another one swimming, he screams:

SWIMMER

My leg! My leg!

He is pulled slaloming through the water, then yanked under.

CUT TO:

420 SCULL

420

The oarsman unsure which way to pull, whether to stay or split. Swimmers cling to the gunwale.

COX

Row, dammit, let's get out of here!

CUT TO:

421 CLOSEUP - SWIMMER

421

treading water. His eyes grow wide as he sees something.

CUT TO:

422 SWIMMER'S POV - GATOR

422

The gator's head plowing water as it swims at the oarsman.

CUT TO:

423 SWIMMER

423

SCREAMS as we ZOOM IN at him.

CUT TO:

424 GOLF BALL

424

flying through the air, PLOP! It lands on the green and rolls, crossing a trail of blood. We leave the ball and follow the blood trail to Cal's bloodied outstretched hand. We PULL BACK TO SEE Cal sprawled out dead, covered in gore, gripping the base of the flag with one hand.

CUT TO:

425 CANAL'S EDGE

425

drenched OARSMEN are pulling out their surviving comrades as David and Marisa look on.

OARSMAN

It was so big -- it took Andy right under.

DAVID

Did you see it swim away?

OARSMAN

It climbed out -- it was so big --

MARISA

Which side? Which side did it climb out?

The Oarsman points across the canal.

OARSMAN

Over there.

MARISA

Have you ever been here before?

DAVID

Just once. There was a break-in at the Slade mansion.

CUT TO:

426 SLADE ESTATE - LONG SHOT OF PARTY

426

The wedding reception in full swing. Expensively dressed guests move under a canopied reception area, servants push silver food carts around.

CUT TO:

427 FRONT GATE

427

Marisa's car screeches to a halt, David and Marisa jump out to face the GATEKEEPER, who sits behind the huge iron gate in a control booth.

GATEKEEPER

Could I see your invitations?

MARISA

Let us in! The alligator is coming!

GATEKEEPER

Alligator?

(checks a list)

I got a magician and an eight-piece orchestra listed here, but I don't see any --

DAVID

We have to warn people.--

GATEKEEPER

I'll have to call the police if you don't --

MARISA

Call them! Please, call them!

CUT TO:

428 BARBECUE GRILLS

428

Four big grills with steaks, chops and burgers SIZZLING on them.

CUT TO:

429 SMOKE

429

from the grills, blowing over the guests into the forest that surrounds the estate.

CUT TO:

430 TABLE OF HONOR

430

near the barbecue. The Mayor and various lackeys flank Old Man Slade, who sits in a chair looking prosperous. Helms and Slade's daughter, dressed in their wedding outfits, sit nearby.

CUT TO:

431 MAYOR, SLADE

431

The Mayor leans down to whisper something.

SLADE

You're standing in my light.

The Mayor moves back quickly, gives a shit-eating grin. There is a woman's SCREAM from the lawn.

CUT TO:

432 LAWN - DOG

432

A tiny schnauzer is yipping up at something.

CUT TO:

433 GUESTS

433

stopping what they're doing to gape at what's coming. The woman SCREAMS again.

CUT TO:

434 SOCIETY MATRON

434

Aghast.

MATRON

Oh, my Lord. Not here.

CUT TO:

435 GATOR

435

roaring as it advances across the lawn. It is a sight -- axe wound, shotgun wounds, knife wounds, bits of net clinging to it -- an ancient gnarled dragon besieging the castle.

CUT TO:

436 CLOSEUP - MAYOR
eyes wide in fear.

436

Holy shit!
MAYOR

CUT TO:

437 CLOSEUP - SLADE

437

The old man's face comes alive as he sees his rival.
He cackles crazily.

CUT TO:

438 GATOR, GUESTS

438

The gator topples the reception tent, guests screaming
in panic as they run, toppling chairs and carts, push-
ing and shoving each other in their flight.

CUT TO:

439 WEDDING CAKE

439

SPLAT! It smashes to the ground.

CUT TO:

440 MAYOR, LACKEYS, SLADE

440

The men wheel Slade away as the gator speeds toward
them -- a bodyguard turns and empties his gun at the
beast.

CUT TO:

441 GATOR

441

not deflected by the bullets, roars, charges.

CUT TO:

442 MEN, SLADE

442

pushing the chair as fast as they can, then lifting
Slade bodily out of it and running with him. The Mayor
points, yells.

(CONTINUED)

442 CONTINUED:

442

MAYOR

The limo! Stick him in the limo!

They are closer to a gleaming black limo sitting in the circular driveway than to the house. They hustle Slade over to it. There is a SCREAM, the Mayor turns to look.

CUT TO:

443 GATOR, HELMS

443

The gator has Helms by his legs, shakes him, throws him screaming across the lawn.

CUT TO:

444 LIMOUSINE

444

The Mayor turns back to get in just as the locks CLICK-shut automatically from inside. He bangs the windows as the lackeys look out in fear and Old Man Slade scowls defiantly.

CUT TO:

445 INT. CAR

445

Looking out at the Mayor pounding and screaming -- the gator comes up swiftly behind him.

MAYOR

Let me in! Let me in! Please!

The gator grabs him from behind with its jaws, a spurt of blood hits the window, the gator lifts him.

CUT TO:

446 GATOR, MAYOR

446

The gator crushes the Mayor, throws him.

CUT TO:

447 MAYOR

447

landing limply with a THUD on the driveway stones.

CUT TO:

448 GATOR, CAR

448

The gator raises its tail -- SMASH! Brings it down on the roof.

CUT TO:

449 INT. CAR

449

The chauffeur starts the engine.

CUT TO:

450 TAIL

450

smashes WHAM! down on the hood. Smoke pours out, the engine grinds, stops --

CUT TO:

451 GATOR

451

roars in rage.

CUT TO:

452 TAIL

452

thru

thru

454

454

smashing down again and again, crushing the limo in with its force.

455 INT. CAR

455

WINDOWS SMASHING, roof and sides compressing, the lackeys trying to push the metal out with arms and legs.

CUT TO:

456 GATOR

456

roars.

CUT TO:

457 TAIL

457

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! on the now-crumpled limo.

CUT TO:

458 CLOSEUP - SLADE

458

shrieking.

CUT TO:

459 TAIL

459

One last WHAM! to the twisted mass of iron.

CUT TO:

460 LAWN - DAVID AND MARISA

460

fighting their way through the panicking guests.

DAVID

Where'd it go!? Where'd it go!?

None of the running people will stop for them.

MARISA

(points)

David!

CUT TO:

461 LIMO

461

looks like it's been through a trash-compactor. We
TRACK IN TO the rear door -- a limp hand pokes out
through shattered glass, blood drips from a seam in
the wreckage.

CUT TO:

462 LAWN - DAVID AND MARISA

462

DAVID

Jesus --

David grabs hold of a running waiter.

DAVID

(continuing)

The alligator! Where'd it go?

The terrified man points, David and Marisa start
running.

CUT TO:

463 REAR LAWN - GATOR

463

The gator walks toward us, blood flecking his jaws,
lumbering across a lawn alive with spraying water.

CUT TO:

464 LAWN - DAVID AND MARISA

464

running to see the gator off in the sprinklered field,
heading for a stand of trees.

DAVID

The riverbank is just beyond those
trees!

They continue running toward a gardener's shed at the
edge of the lawn.

CUT TO:

465 GATOR

465

moving through the spray.

CUT TO:

466 INT. SHED

466

David and Marisa look for weapons. David comes upon a
gas tank next to a throbbing water pump -- He kneels
and begins yanking a hose loose from the pump.

MARISA

What are you doing?

DAVID

They're got their own gas tanks
here. I'm trying to hook one to
the sprinkler system. You have
any matches?

MARISA

No --

DAVID

Go find something for a light.
I'll try to keep him occupied.

Marisa runs off.

CUT TO:

467 LAWN - GATOR

467

getting closer to the stand of trees at the edge of the riverbank.

CUT TO:

468 SPRINKLER PIPE

468

Water shooting out through the pinholes. The water changes to gasoline, shining amber in the sun.

CUT TO:

469 FRONT LAWN - MARISA

469

among the chaos again, trying to find a match.

CUT TO:

470 CLOSEUP - GATOR

470

standing still in the spray of gas, roaring.

CUT TO:

471 TREES - DAVID

471

David stands with his back to the trees, facing the gator, carrying a fire-extinguisher tank.

CUT TO:

472 CLOSEUP - DAVID

472

frightened. He takes a deep breath, begins to walk toward the gator.

CUT TO:

473 DAVID AND GATOR

473

Both being drenched by the spraying gasoline. They counter each other, much like the fight in the opening.

CUT TO:

474 CLOSEUP - GATOR 474
watching for an opening, wary.
CUT TO:

475 CLOSEUP - DAVID 475
terrified but coming ahead.
CUT TO:

476 GATOR 476
lunges!

477 DAVID 477
WHOOSH! lets loose with a blast of foam at the gator's
head.
CUT TO:

478 CLOSEUP - GATOR 478
roars, foam covering one eye. It shakes its head to
clear the foam.
CUT TO:

479 DAVID 479
WHOOSH! giving it a blast in the other eye.
CUT TO:

480 GATOR 480
dropping its head to try to wipe the foam off on the
ground.
CUT TO:

481 CLOSEUP - SPRINKLER PIPES 481
spewing gasoline.
CUT TO:

482 BARBECUE PIT - MARISA

482

Marisa squirts lighter fluid on a discarded cloth napkin, thrusts it into the still-burning coals -- it bursts into flame. She grabs it with some meat-turning tongs and runs.

CUT TO:

483 GATOR

483

most of the foam off its face now, roaring.

CUT TO:

484 DAVID

484

trying another blast of the extinguisher -- SHHHHHK!
Nothing, it's shot its wad.

CUT TO:

485 GATOR

485

Roaring, it starts straight for David.

CUT TO:

486 DAVID

486

tosses the extinguisher aside, pulls out his gun. He takes a deep breath.

CUT TO:

487 CLOSEUP - GATOR

487

jaws gaping.

CUT TO:

488 DAVID

488

takes a two-handed policeman's firing stance -- CRACK!
He FIRES at the oncoming gator.

CUT TO:

489 GATOR, DAVID

489

We TRACK AT David, LOOKING OVER the gator's SHOULDER as it charges him. CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!
He doesn't budge as he FIRES into the gator.

CUT TO:

490 REAR LAWN

490

Marisa can't handle the burning cloth -- a flame catches her arm, she drops it. A patch of partially-gassed lawn enflames, it spreads towards the sprinkler pipes.

MARISA

David!

CUT TO:

491 DAVID

491

FIRING -- CRACK!

MARISA (O.S.)

David!

CUT TO:

492 CLOSEUP - MARISA

492

MARISA

Run, David! Run! It's on fire!

CUT TO:

493 GATOR

493

lunging with its jaws.

CUT TO:

494 DAVID

494

leaps and rolls, sees above him.--

CUT TO:

495 TAIL

495

The gator's tail hammering down from the sky.

CUT TO:

496 DAVID

496

rolls as WHAM! the tail just misses him. He's up and sprinting.

CUT TO:

497 LAWN - FIRE

497

A sheet of flames moving closer to the sprinkler pipes.

CUT TO:

498 CLOSEUP - PIPES

498

Gasoline spraying out.

CUT TO:

499 DAVID

499

sprinting.

500 CLOSEUP - MARISA

500

watching, terrified.

CUT TO:

501 MARISA AND DAVID

501

LOOKING OVER Marisa's SHOULDER as David sprints towards us through the spraying gas, SHOT TELEPHOTO so he seems to be taking forever, then he dives.

CUT TO:

502 DAVID

502

diving over the already burning grass, hitting and rolling on a hot patch that ignites him, but rolling again and again to smother the flame.

CUT TO:

503 LAWN

503

KABOOM! An enormous initial EXPLOSION, sending a fireball into the sky as a sheet of flame engulfs the entire lawn.

CUT TO:

504 EXPLOSIONS

504

thru

thru

511

511

Several ANGLES of the flames spreading and the sprinkler heads going off like skyrockets.

CUT TO:

512 ALLIGATOR

512

thru

thru

519

519

Several VIEWS of the alligator engulfed in flames, jerking spasmodically as it burns to death.

CUT TO:

520 DAVID AND MARISA

520

David in one piece, the two of them backing away from the heat of the flames.

CUT TO:

521 ALLIGATOR

521

A charred outline within the flames.

CUT TO:

522 LAWN - DAVID AND MARISA

522

watching. The Chief arrives by them with a squad of troopers -- He and David exchange a look. David puts his arm around Marisa, they walk away.

CUT TO:

523 DAVID AND MARISA

523

framed by the burning field behind them.

DAVID

If I have dreams tonight give me a kick.

THE END